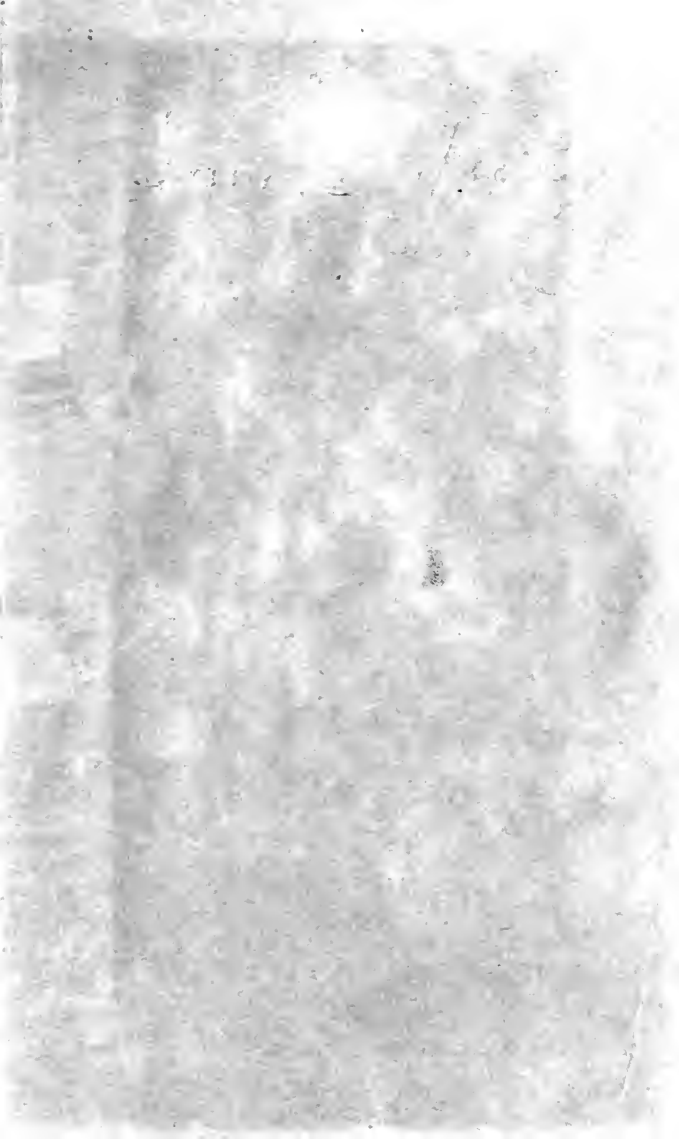


THE VOICE OF THE GARDEN

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THE VOICE OF THE GARDEN

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LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE BIKLÉ

WITH A PREFACE
BY
GEORGE W. CABLE

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY. MCMXII

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

PREFACE

AMONG all the arts music alone can render to poetic verse such enhancing effect as can the art of gardening. Save only sculpture and architecture no artist's product brings such enhancement to the garden as does the book of the poet.

To bring the book of verses underneath the bough, especially the blossoming bough, for the more perfect enjoyment of both, is so obviously right and rewarding that to declare it so seems out of tune with the doing of it. A merest hint of the alliance so sets the harmonies of the spirit into vibration that a justifying word is like a spoken praise of music in the midst—or, quite as bad, in advance—of its performance, and this foreword would itself be without excuse did it not say something more.

Hence this: That between garden and verse there is so close a kinship that the rules of art for either are adequate for the other. Poetic verse is the gardening of thought. Gardening is the versification of nature's poetry. Of such an affinity are the two that a merging of their powers is one of those blessed cases in which one and one make

eleven. Blessed, because such multiplication of their influences upon us is something which our present-day life most genuinely needs.

In our modern world, so hotly busy cooking its feast that it has no time nor heart to sit down to it, we find few moments, few nooks, wherein poetry may take effect on us. We need poetry. We need poetical perception; not for softness, but for strength. On at least one side of the Atlantic there are readers of English verse, semi-occasional, far-behindhand readers, millions of us, who until lately have left the garden not out of our daily lives alone, but out of our characters. Our souls, like our comfortable houses, go unenclosed from the street, the highway, and are not gardened. There may be some like us across the seas, even in those mother isles where gardening is so beautiful. We need poetry, need to realise it round about us and in us; need it as practically as the blood needs iron or salt; and if verse can make the garden—garden make the verse—more alluring and assimilable, and if the two, joining their spells, can find us those nooks in time and place wherein the resolution of life's prose into poetry is made easy for beginners or backsliders, then *there* is an alliance, a reciprocity, an *entente* worth while—worth while! And such, I am allowed to say, is the purpose of this volume.

There is no call here for explanatory comments on what follows; no need to lay the tip of the pointer upon this or that, or even to say that there

are poems naturally belonging to such a collection, which, it is to be regretted, are not here; that always has to happen. "I have the honour"—that is all. Yet one word more begs for place: That these poems might never have been gathered into one company had not its collector been brought up in a garden, a story-teller's garden, and grown up with it, a loving companion of its birds, its flowers, its bees and butterflies, its bordering and intersecting waters, the clouds in the blue above it, its liberty and all its disciplinary order and resultant loveliness.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 1911.



EDITOR'S NOTE

THE editor wishes to make grateful acknowledgment of the courtesy shown her by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in his kind permission to include in this collection Mr. Swinburne's "A Forsaken Garden"; cordial thanks are extended also to Mr. William Dean Howells, to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, to Mrs. Hinkson, to Mrs. Gurney, to Mrs. Payne Whitney, to Mr. Rossiter W. Raymond, and to Mr. Bliss Carman for the use of their own poems; to Mrs. William Sharp for her kindness in permitting the use of "The White Peacock" and the passages from *Rosa Mystica*, by Fiona Macleod; and to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson.

To the following publishers, in England and America, the editor takes pleasure in acknowledging her indebtedness:—

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use "The Old Garden," by Mrs. Deland; "Tiger Lilies," by Mr. T. B. Aldrich; "Spring Has Come," "The Golden Flower," and the passages from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Botanist" and the

"Humble-Bee," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; "Because the Rose Must Fade," by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder; "Spring Songs," translated from the Hebrew by Miss Emma Lazarus; "The Birds of Killingworth," by H. W. Longfellow; "The Lilac" and "In the Garden," by W. W. Story; "The Rose" and "The Garden of Irem," by Bayard Taylor; "Talking in Their Sleep," by Miss Edith M. Thomas; "The Song the Oriole Sings," by Mr. Howells; "My Garden" and "My Hollyhock," by Mrs. Thaxter; "Garden," by J. G. Whittier; "The Garden," by Alfred B. Street.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Company for permission to use "All Things Wait Upon Thee," by Christina Rossetti; "To a Weed" and "When Spring Has Come," by Miss Gertrude Hall; "The Oriole's Secret," by Emily Dickinson.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company for "Song" from *Jason*, by Mr. William Morris; and three poems from *With Sa'di in the Garden*, by Edwin Arnold.

Messrs. L. C. Page & Company for the use, in America, of "To an Iris," "Marigolds," "A More Ancient Mariner," and "Carnations in Winter," by Mr. Bliss Carman; also to Mr. John Murray for the use of these poems in England.

The Pilgrim Press for three passages from *Star Papers*, by Henry Ward Beecher.

Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company for "In Dove Cottage Garden," by Mr. Philip H. Savage; and "Brotherhood" and "God," by Father Tabb.

Messrs. Duffield & Company for confirming Mrs. Whitney's permission to include "Tranquillity"; and Mrs. Sharp's to include "The White Peacock" and passages from *Rosa Mystica*, by Fiona Macleod; also for passages from *The Book of Tea*, by Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo.

Mr. William Heinemann for the use of the selections from Fiona Macleod in England; and for "The Iris," by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Messrs. Macmillan & Company for "My Garden" and "White Foxglove," by Mr. Thomas Edward Brown.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus, in England, and Mr. David M'Kay, in America, for "Little White Lily," by Dr. George MacDonald.

The Babbs-Merrill Company for "Old-Fashioned Roses," by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley.

The Century Company for "The Sweet Red Rose," by Mrs. Dodge, through the kindness of Mr. Ellsworth.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton for the use, in England, of passages from *The Little White Bird*, by Mr. Barrie; and from *Dr. Sevier*, by Mr. Cable, through the kindness of Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

Mr. Arthur F. Bird for the use, in England, of "Rose-Morals," by Sidney Lanier.



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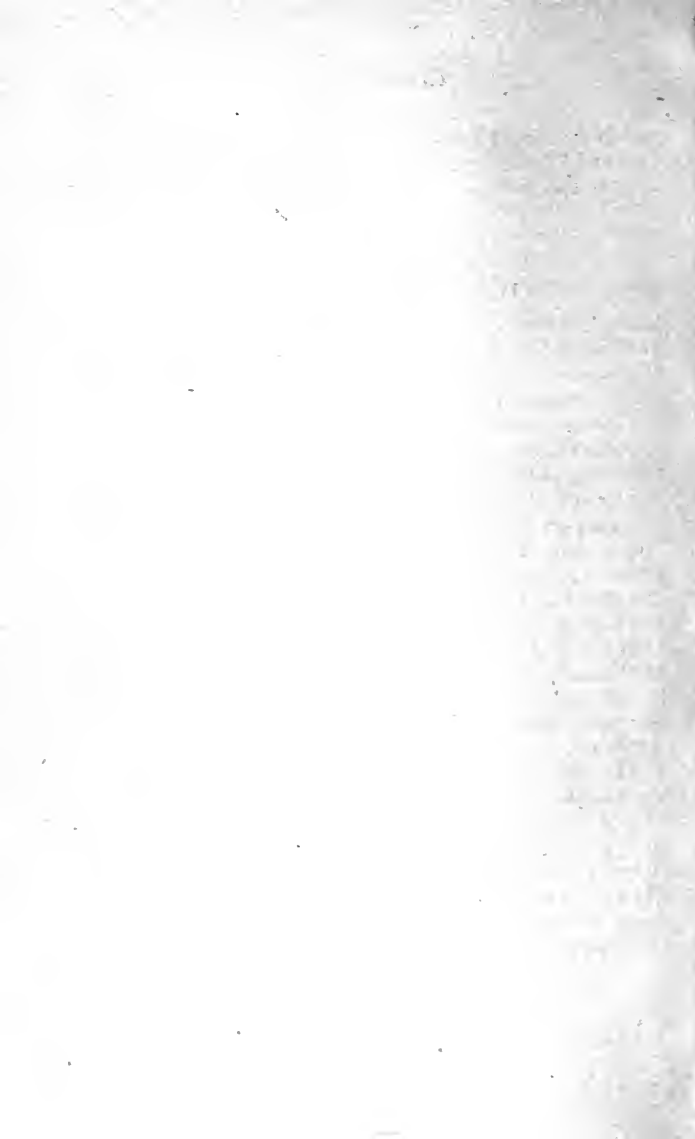
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I

THE DELIGHTS OF GARDENS

By a garden is meant mystically a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment, and delight.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

If Paradise was planted the Third Day of Creation, as wiser Divinity concludeth, the Nativity thereof was too early for Horoscopy; Gardens were before Gardeners, and but some hours after the Earth.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

1ST CLOWN. *Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.*

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
 Nay, but I have a sign ;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

“THE LORD GOD PLANTED A GARDEN”

THE Lord God planted a garden
 In the first white days of the world ;
And set there an angel warden,
 In garments of light unfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven,
 That the hawk might nest with the wren ;
For there in the cool of the even
 God walked with the first of men.

4 THE DELIGHTS OF GARDENS

And I dream that these garden closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth—
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

DOROTHY GURNEY.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;

6 THE DELIGHTS OF GARDENS

Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

ANDREW MARVELL.

ON THE DELIGHTS OF GARDENS

(From "The Spectator")

"You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THOUGHTS ON A GARDEN

(From a Letter to Evelyn)

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full choice of thine own happiness;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With prudence how to choose the best.
 In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
 (Things which thou well dost understand,
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
 Thy noble innocent delight:
 And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost
 meet
 Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet,

8 THE DELIGHTS OF GARDENS

The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid
joys,
For empty shows, and senseless noise ;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such
poisonous weeds ?

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly under-
stood),
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure
sought :
Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius' table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old,
That fiscal table to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Than nature's liberality
Help'd with a little art and industry
Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon she would lose.
Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine,—
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,

We all, like Moses, should espy,
Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity.

But we despise these his inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise):

Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty nature be
More stor'd with beauty, power and mystery,
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

We nowhere art do so triumphant see,

As when it grafts or buds the tree:

In other things we count it to excel,

If it a docile scholar can appear

To nature, and but imitate her well;

It over-rules and is her master here.

It imitates her Maker's power divine,

And changes her sometimes and sometimes does
refine:

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It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore,
To its blest state of Paradise before.
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?

And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleas'd to give.
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss:
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear:
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Even Daphne's coyness he doth mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock.
Though she refus'd Apollo's suit,
Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made;
I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
With th' ambassadors who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my friends (said he), should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away.

And trust me not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself,
almost a god.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

AND the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. . . .

And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

GENESIS ii. 8-10, 15.

GOD'S GARDEN

(*From "Paradise Lost"*)

BLISSFUL Paradise

Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line

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From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar : in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained ;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste ;
And all amid them stood the tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold ; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath engulfed ; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden ; . . .

Thus was this place,

A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
balm,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable (Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only), and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

“A GARDEN SO WELL WATERED” 13

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring.

JOHN MILTON.

“A GARDEN SO WELL WATERED BEFORE MORN”

A GARDEN so well watered before morn
Is hotly up, that not the swart sun's blaze,
Down beating with unmitigated rays,
Nor arid winds from scorching places borne,
Shall quite prevail to make it bare and shorn
Of its green beauty—shall not quite prevail
That all its morning freshness shall exhale,
Till evening and the evening dews return—
A blessing such as this our hearts might reap,
The freshness of the garden they might share,
Through the long day a heavenly freshness keep,
If, knowing how the day and the day's glare
Must beat upon them, we would largely steep
And water them betimes with dews of prayer.

RICHARD CHENEVIX, ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

GARDEN DELIGHTS

(From "The Garden of Cyrus")

THE Turks who passed their Days in Gardens here, will have Gardens also hereafter; and delighting in Flowers on Earth, must have Lilies and Roses in Heaven. In Garden Delights it is not easy to hold a Mediocrity; that insinuating Pleasure is seldom without some Extremity. The Ancients venially delighted in flourishing Gardens: Many were Florists that knew not the true use of a Flower: And in Pliny's Days none had directly treated of that Subject. Some commendably affected Plantations of venomous Vegetables; some confined their delights unto single Plants; and Cato seemed to dote upon Cabbage: While the ingenious Delight of Tulipists, stands saluted with hard language, even by their own Professors.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

A GARDEN

(Written after the Civil Wars)

SEE how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand display'd :
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
'Their leaves, that to the stalks are²curl'd,
Seem to their staves the ensigns¹furl'd.

Then in some flower's belovèd hut
Each bec, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too ; but if once stirr'd,
She runs you through, nor asks the word.
O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With wat'ry if not flaming sword ;
What luckless apple did we taste
To make us mortal and thee waste !
Unhappy ! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers ;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear ?

ANDREW MARVELL.

OF GARDENS

God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks. And a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. . . .

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter

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in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness, yea, though it be in a morning's dew. . . . That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the white double violet which comes twice a year—about the middle of April and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose, then the strawberry leaves dying, which yield a most excellent cordial smell; then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth; then sweet briar, then wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window; then pinks and gilliflower; then the flowers of the lime-tree, then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off; of bean flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is: burnet, wild thyme, and water mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

FRANCIS BACON (LORD VERULAM).

THE BOWER OF ADAM AND EVE

(From "Paradise Lost")

THE roof

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and
 wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broïdered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed,
 And Heavenly choirs the hymenean sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endowed with all their gifts, and oh! too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

JOHN MILTON.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY

DEAR, secret greenness ! nurst below !

Tempests and winds and winter-nights
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow,
That One made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their heads ;
And moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait whose minds
Are all too high for a low cell :
Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel, still
To what most takes them is a drudge ;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself an outward test ?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
Till the white-wingèd reapers come !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

VARIED TASTES IN GARDENS

(From a Letter from Pope to Lord Bathurst)

THAT this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood about designing a princely garden. Several Critics were of several opinions: One declared he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping nature: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of loose sand: A third advis'd peremptorily there should not be one Lime-tree in the whole plantation: A fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to Horse-chestnuts, which he affirmed not to be trees, but weeds: Dutch Elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus, about half the trees were proscribed, contrary to the Paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear Ever-greens, and called them Never-greens; some, who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Ever-green Taylors; some, who had no dislike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Forest-trees; and some who were in a passion against anything in shape, even against clipt hedges, which they call'd green walls. These (my Lord) are our Men of Taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a Taste is like such a stomach, not a good one, but a weak one.

HOME AGAIN!

(From the Chinese)

HOMEWARDS I bend my steps. My fields, my gardens, are choked with weeds: should I not go? . . . The place is a wilderness; but there is the old pine-tree and my chrysanthemums. . . .

And now, I take my pleasure in my garden. There is a gate, but it is rarely opened. I lean on my staff as I wander about or sit down to rest. I raise my head and contemplate the lovely scene. Clouds rise, unwilling, from the bottom of the hills: the weary bird seeks its nest again. Shadows vanish, but still I linger round my lonely pine. Home once more! I'll have no friendships to distract me hence. . . . What boots it to wear out the soul with anxious thoughts? I want not wealth: I want not power: heaven is beyond my hopes. Then let me stroll through the bright hours as they pass, in my garden among my flowers. Thus will I work out my allotted space, content with appointments of Fate, my spirit free from care.

A PROSPECT

(From the Chinese)

PLEASANT is the garden ground,
Where the sandal trees are found,
With the paper mulberry.
Underneath their branches lie

Withered leaves, when summer's passed,
And the winter's come at last.

In the stream that waters it
You may note the fishes flit.
Some upon the shallows sleep,
Others hide within the deep.
From the marsh pools on the plain,
Hark! The trumpet of the crane.
Listen to her sonorous cry
Echoing to the distant sky.
Purple hills are seen afar,
Where the grindstone quarries are;
And the lapidary's stone,
In these mountains found alone.
You must all allow, I ween,
'Tis a fair and pleasant scene.

ON CHINESE GARDENING

(From "The Spectator")

WRITERS, who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; because they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They choose rather to show a genius in works of this nature; and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word it seems in their language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the imagination at first sight, without discovering

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what it is that has so agreeable an effect. Our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humoring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion; but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy, that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE BOWER OF BLISS

(From "*The Faerie Queene*")

THERE the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hills for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all had wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;

So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify ;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see ;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemed with lively iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie-trew :
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That, themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemed for wantonnesse to
weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemed to bee ;

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Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
upright.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;
For all that pleasing is to living eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonee ;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree :

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine responce meet ;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall ;
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

EDMUND SPENSER.

VIRGIL'S GARDEN

(From Georgic IV)

BUT that, my destined voyage almost done,
I think to slacken sail and shoreward run,

I would enlarge on that peculiar care
Which makes the Garden bloom, the Orchard bear,
Pampers the Melon into girth, and blows
Twice to one summer the Calabrian Rose :
Nor many a shrub with flower and berries hung,
Nor Myrtle of the seashore leave unsung.

“For where the Tower of old Tarentum stands,
And dark Galesus soaks the yellow sands,”¹
I mind me of an old Corycian swain,
Who from a plot of disregarded plain,
That neither Corn, nor Vine, nor Olive grew,
Yet such a store of garden-produce drew
That made him rich in heart as Kings with all
Their wealth, when he returned at even-fall,
And from the conquest of the barren ground
His table with unpurchased plenty crown'd.
For him the Rose first open'd ; his, somehow,
The first ripe Apple redden'd on the bough ;
Nay, even when melancholy Winter still
Congeal'd the glebe, and check'd the wandering rill,
The sturdy veteran might abroad be seen,
With some first slip of unexpected green,
Upbraiding Nature with her tardy Spring,
And those south winds so late upon the wing.
He sow'd the seed ; and, under Sun and Shower,
Up came the Leaf, and after it the Flower,
From which no busier bees than his derived
More, or more honey for their Master hived :
Under his skilful hand no savage root
But sure to thrive with its adopted shoot ;

¹ Dryden.

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No sapling, but transplanted, sure to grow,
Sizable standards set in every row ;
Some for their annual crop of fruit, and some
For longer service in the years to come ;
While his young Plane already welcome made
The guest who came to drink beneath the shade.

But, by the stern conditions of my song
Compell'd to leave where I would linger long,
To other bards the Garden I resign
Who with more leisure step shall follow mine.

Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD.

AN ITALIAN GARDEN

(From "The Story of Rimini")

A NOBLE range it was, of many a rood,
Walled round with trees and ending in a wood :
Indeed, the whole was leafy, and it had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
That danced from shade to shade, and on its way
Seemed smiling with delight to feel the day.
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking guilty down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal-gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort ;
With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between,
Of sweetbriar, honeysuckle, and jessamine,

With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
And look as if they shade a golden fruit ;
And 'midst the flowers, turf'd round beneath a
shade

Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played.
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright
Which through the darksome tops glimmered with
showering light.

So now you walked beside an odorous bed
Of gorgeous hues, purple, and gold, and red ;
And now turned off into a leafy walk,
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk ;
And now pursued the stream, and as you trod
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet ;
And then, perhaps, you entered upon shades,
Pillowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,
Through which the distant palace, now and then,
Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken,—
A land of trees, which, reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out ;
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you startled the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and darted in and out the boughs ;
And all about a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through ;
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks, some in retreats

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With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Looked up half sweetly and half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks, to inward-peeping sight,
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold-green light.
But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, half-way,
And form'd of both, the loveliest portion lay,
A spot that struck you like enchanted ground :
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees—
The birch and poplar mixed with heavier trees ;
Down by whose roots descending darkly still
(You saw it not, but heard), there gushed a rill,
Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.
The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers
Heaped towards the centre, and with citron bowers ;
And in the midst of all, clustered with bay
And myrtle, and just gleaming to the day,
Lurk'd a pavilion,—a delicious sight,—
Small, marble, well-proportion'd, mellowy white,
With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no more,—
And a young orange either side the door.
The door was to the wood, forward and square ;
The rest was domed at top, and circular ;
And through the dome the only light came in
Tinged, as it entered, with the vine-leaves thin.

.
LEIGH HUNT.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN ¹

AN old-fashioned garden? Yes, my dear,
 No doubt it is. I was thinking here
 Only to-day, as I sat in the sun,
 How fair was the scene I looked upon ;
 Yet wondered still, with a vague surprise,
 How it might look to other eyes.

.
 So quiet it is, so cool and still,
 In the green retreat of the shady hill!
 And you scarce can tell as you look within,
 Where the garden ends, and the woods begin.
 But here, where we stand, what a blaze of light,
 What a wealth of colour, makes glad the sight!

Red roses burn in the morning glow ;
 White roses proffer their cups of snow ;
 In scarlet and crimson and cloth-of-gold
 The zinnias flaunt, and the marigold ;
 And stately and tall the lilies stand,
 Like vestal virgins, on either hand.

Here gay sweet peas, like butterflies,
 Flutter and dance under summer skies ;
 Blue violets here in the shade are set,
 With a border of fragrant mignonette ;
 And here are pansies and columbine,
 And the burning stars of the cypress vine.

¹ From *Poems by Julia C. R. Dorr* ; copyright, 1879, 1885, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Stately hollyhocks, row on row,
Golden sunflowers all aglow,
Scarlet poppies and larkspurs blue,
Asters of every shade and hue ;
And over the wall like a trail of fire
The red nasturtium climbs higher and higher.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

AN UNDEFILED PARADISE

(From "The Sensitive Plant")

THE snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and
dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

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Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE SUN-DIAL

(From "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple")

WHAT a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished?

If its business use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE KING'S GARDENERS

(From "*King Richard II*")

Queen. But stay, here comes the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

Enter a GARDENER and two SERVANTS.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and LADIES retire.*]

Gard. Go bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays;
That look too lofty in our commonwealth.
All must be even in our government.

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You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1st Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a
pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffered this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1st Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. Oh! what pity is it,
That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live;

Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MY GARDEN

It blossomed by the summer sea,
A tiny space of tangled bloom
Wherein so many flowers found room,
A miracle it seemed to be !

Up from the ground, alert and bright,
The pansies laughed in gold and jet,
Purple and pied, and mignonette
Breathed like a spirit of delight

Flaming the rich nasturtiums ran
Along the fence, and marigolds
"Opened afresh their starry folds"
In beauty as the day began ;

While ranks of scarlet poppies gay
Waved when the soft south wind did blow,
Superb in sunshine, to and fro,
Like soldiers proud in brave array.

And tall blue larkspur waved its spikes
Against the sea's deep violet,
That every breeze makes deeper yet
With splendid azure where it strikes ;

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And rosy-pale sweet-peas climbed up,
And phloxes spread their colours fine,
Pink, white, and purple, red as wine,
And fire burned in the eschscholtzia's cup.

More dear to me than words can tell
Was every cup and spray and leaf;
Too perfect for a life so brief
Seemed every star and bud and bell.

And many a maiden, fairer yet,
Came smiling to my garden gay,
Whose graceful head I decked away
With pansy and with mignonette.

Such slender shapes of girlhood young
Haunted that little blooming space,
Each with a more delightful face
Than any flower that ever sprung!

O shadowy shapes of youthful bloom!
How fair the sweet procession glides
Down memory's swift and silent tides,
Till lost in doubtful mists of gloom!

Year after year new flowers unfold,
Year after year fresh maidens fair,
Scenting their perfume on the air,
Follow and find their red and gold.

And while for them the poppies' blaze
I gather, brightening into mine
The eyes of vanished beauty shine,
That gladdened long-lost summer days.

Where are they all who wide have ranged ?

Where are the flowers of other years ?

What ear the wistful question hears ?

Ah ! some are dead and all are changed.

And still the constant earth renews

Her treasured splendour ; still unfold

Petals of purple and of gold

Beneath the sunshine and the dews.

But for her human children dear

Whom she has folded to her breast,

No beauty wakes them from their rest,

Nor change they with the changing year.

CELIA THAXTER.

A KITCHEN GARDEN

(*From "The Spectator"*)

I HAVE always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery, or an artificial greenhouse. I love to see everything in its perfection, and am more pleased to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as

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well as to the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations ; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants, that seem to be of its own producing.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

MY GARDEN

(From "A House and Grounds")

My grounds should not be large ; I like to go
To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
And cannot fancy she'll comprise for me,
Even in a park, her all-sufficiency.
Besides, my thoughts fly far ; and when at rest,
Love, not a watch-tower, but a lulling nest.
But all the ground I had should keep a look
Of Nature still, have birds' nests and a brook ;
One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees ;
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces.
I'd build a walk, however, against rain,
Long, peradventure, as my whole domain,
And so be sure of generous exercise,
The youth of age, and med'cine of the wise.
And this reminds me, that behind some screen
About my grounds, I'd have a bowling-green ;
Such as in wits' and merry women's days
Suckling preferred before his walk of bays.

You may still see them, dead as haunts of fairies,
By the old seats of Killigrews and Careys,
Where all, alas, is banished from the ring,
Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the king!

LEIGH HUNT.

GARDEN PLANTATIONS

(*From "The Spectator"*)

WE have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France; and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent everywhere an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough in many parts of a country that is so well peopled and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh

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overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect; and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

A GARDEN'S CHIEF GRACE

(*From "The Task"*)

To deck the shapely knoll,
That softly swell'd and gayly dress'd appears
A flow'ry island, from the dark green lawn
Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd
And sorted hues (each giving each relief,
And by contrasted beauty shining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous
spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.

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He, therefore, who would see his flow'rs dispos'd
 Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
 The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
 Forecasts the future whole ; that, when the scene
 Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,
 Each for itself, and all as with one voice
 Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
 Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd
 His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
 Few self-supported flow'rs endure the wind
 Uninjur'd, but expect the upholding aid
 Of the smooth-shaven prop, and neatly tied,
 Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age,
 For int'rest sake, the living to the dead.
 Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffus'd
 And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
 Like virtue, thriving most where little seen :
 Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
 With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
 Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon
 And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
 The strength they borrow with the grace they
 lend.

All hate the rank society of weeds,
 Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
 Th' improv'rish'd earth ; an overbearing race,
 That, like the multitude made faction mad,
 Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

WILLIAM COWPER.

GARDEN

O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the work of Thine !

Apart from Thee we plant in vain
The root and sow the seed ;
Thy early and Thy later rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon ;
The curse of Earth's gray morning is
The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wide world everywhere
For Eden's unknown ground ?
That garden of the primal pair
May nevermore be found.

But, blest by Thee, our patient toil
May right the ancient wrong,
And give to every clime and soil
The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees
May Eden's orchards shame ;
We taste the tempting sweets of these
Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and West,
The pride of every zone,
The fairest, rarest, and the best
May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines the young world sought
In hill-groves and in bowers,
The fittest offerings thither brought
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts each year renewed ;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CONTENTMENT

(From "King Henry VI")

LORD, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by other's waning ;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A HUMORIST IN GARDENING

(From "*The Spectator*")

I AM one, you must know, who am looked upon as an humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner who had seen nothing of our country should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wildness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

II

WITH HERBS AND FLOWERS

Flowers through their beautie, varietie of colour, and exquisite forme, doe bring to a liberall and gentlemanly mind, the remembrance of honestie, comelinesse, and all kinds of virtues.

GERARDE.

I saw God in His glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship.

LINNÆUS (on the unfolding of a blossom).

The immortality of flowers must enrich our own, and we certainly should resent a redemption that excluded them.

EMILY DICKINSON'S *Letters*.

TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS

BRAVE flowers—that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain !

You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.

You are not proud : you know your birth :
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever Spring :

My fate would know no Winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing.

O that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you !

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,
But rather to take truce !

How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce !

You fragrant flowers ! then teach me, that my
breath

Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

HENRY KING (Bishop of Chichester).

GOD

I SEE Thee in the distant blue ;
But in the Violet's dell of dew,
Behold, I *breathe* and *touch* Thee too.

JOHN B. TABB.

POETS AND FLOWERS

(From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table")

Do you ever wonder why poets talk so much about flowers? Did you ever hear of a poet who did not talk about them? Don't you think a poem, which, for the sake of being original, should leave them out, would be like those verses where the letter *a* or *e* is omitted? No,—they will bloom over and over again in poems as in the summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new. Why should we be more tired of repeating ourselves than the spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars? Loo! at Nature. She never wearies of saying over her floral paternoster. In the crevices of Cyclopean walls,—in the dust where men lie, dust also,—on the mounds that bury huge cities, the wreck of Nineveh and the Babel-heap,—still that same sweet prayer and benediction. The Amen! of Nature is always a flower.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SILENCE OF FLOWERS

(From "Star Papers")

WHEN we hear melodious sounds,—the wind among trees, the noise of a brook falling down into a deep leaf-covered cavity; birds' notes, especially at night; children's voices as you ride into a village at dusk, far from your long absent home, and quite home-

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sick; or a flute heard from out of a forest, a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves, into the moon-lighted air; or the low conversation of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room where you are convalescing,—when we think of these things, we are apt to imagine that nothing is perfect that has not the gift of sound. But we change our mind when we dwell lovingly among flowers; for, they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light and not of air.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and for toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night :—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

MARY HOWITT.

THE POWER OF HERBS

(From "Romeo and Juliet")

THE earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb, children of divers kinds
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;

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Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS

We are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith ;
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath :
All who see us love us ;
We befit all places ;
Unto sorrow we give smiles ; and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
 All, and sweetly voiceless,
 Though the March winds pipe to make our passage
 clear ;
 Not a whisper tells
 Where our small seed dwells,
 Nor is known the moment green when our tips
 appear.
 We thread the earth in silence,
 In silence build our bowers ;
 And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop,
 sweet Flowers.

The dear, lumpish baby,
 Humming with the May bee,
 Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through
 the grass ;
 The honey-dropping moon,
 On a night in June,
 Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bride-
 groom pass.
 Age, the withered elinger,
 On us mutely gazes,
 And wraps the thought of his last bed in his child-
 hood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller
 Taste, how Heaven loves colour ;
 How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green ;
 What sweet thoughts she thinks
 Of violets and pinks,
 And a thousand flashing hues made solely to be
 seen ;

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See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman of
the Flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use ;
Travellers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide ;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden
truce ;
Not a poor town-window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylon's
whole vaunting.

Sage are yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profits of the balm ;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest
calm.
E'en the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming ;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the
presuming.

And, oh ! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen !

In his talking rooms
 How the feasting fumes,
 Till his gold cups overflow to the mouths of men !
 The butterflies come aping
 Those fine thieves of ours,
 And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers
 with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous !
 What fair service duteous
 Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine ?
 Elfin court 'twould seem,
 And taught, perchance, that dream
 Which the old Greek mountain dreamt upon nights
 divine.
 To expound such wonder
 Human speech avails not,
 Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory
 exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
 Matchless works and pleasures,
 Every one a marvel, more than thought can say ;
 Then think in what bright showers
 We thicken fields and bowers,
 And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton
 May ;
 Think of the mossy forests
 By the bee-birds haunted,
 And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as en-
 charmed.

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Trees themselves are ours ;
Fruits are born of flowers ;
Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the Spring ;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome
antheming.
Beneath the very burthen
Of planet-pressing ocean
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought for
meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them
still ;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill ;
Thy red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning ;
And the step that bled for thee the rosy briar
adorning.

Oh ! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flowers are true things, yet no fables they ;
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore—
Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old
pathway ;

Grossest hand can test us ;
Fools may prize us never ;
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, marvels sweet for
ever.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers ?
Who its love without them can fancy—or sweet
floor ?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down, that Love might bring one
piece of heaven the more ?
Oh ! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

A GARLAND

(From "*The Muses' Elysium*")

HERE damask Roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread,
My chiefest flower this make I ;
Amongst these Roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double daisies then for show,
And will not this be dainty ?

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The pretty posy then I'll tye
 Like stones some chain enchasing ;
 And next to them, their near ally,
 The purple violet placing.
 The curious, choice clove July-flower,
 Whose kind hight the carnation,
 For sweetness of most sovereign power,
 Shall help my breath to fashion.
 Whose sundry colours, of one kind,
 First from one root derived,
 Them in their several suits I'll bind,
 My garland so contrived.
 A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
 And here and there (tho' sparely)
 The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
 Like pearls, which will show rarely :
 Then with these marygolds I'll make
 My garland somewhat swelling,
 These honeysuckles then I'll take,
 Whose sweets shall help their smelling.
 The lily and the flower-de-lis
 For colour much contenting,
 For that I them do highly prize
 They are but poor in scenting.
 The daffodil most dainty is
 To match with these in meetness ;
 The columbine compar'd to this,
 All much alike for sweetness ;
 These in their natures only are
 Fit to emboss the border ;
 Therefore I'll take especial care
 To place them in their order :

Sweet-williams, compions, sops in wine,
One by another neatly ;
Thus have I made this wreath of mine
And finishèd it featly.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FLOWERS

(*From "The Book of Tea"*)

IN the trembling grey of a spring dawn, when the birds were whispering in mysterious cadence among the trees, have you not felt that they were talking to their mates about the flowers? Surely with mankind the appreciation of flowers must have been coeval with the poetry of love. Where better than in a flower, sweet in its unconsciousness, fragrant because of its silence, can we imagine the unfolding of a virgin soul? The primeval man in offering the first garland to his maiden thereby transcended the brute. He became human in thus rising above the crude necessities of nature. He entered the realm of art when he perceived the subtle use of the useless.

In joy or sadness, flowers are our constant friends. We eat, drink, sing, dance, and flirt with them. We wed and christen with flowers. We dare not die without them. We have worshipped with the lily, we have meditated with the lotus, we have charged in battle array with the rose and the chrysanthemum. We have even attempted to speak in the language of flowers. How could we live

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without them? It frightens one to conceive of a world bereft of their presence. What solace do they not bring to the bedside of the sick, what a light of bliss to the darkness of weary spirits! Their serene tenderness restores to us our waning confidence in the universe even as the intent gaze of a beautiful child recalls our lost hopes. When we are laid low in the dust it is they who linger in sorrow over our graves. . . . Flower stories are endless. In the sixteenth century the morning-glory was as yet a rare plant with us. Rikiu had an entire garden planted with it, which he cultivated with assiduous care. The fame of his convolvuli reached the ear of the Taiko, and he expressed a desire to see them, in consequence of which Rikiu invited him to a morning tea at his house. On the appointed day Taiko walked through the garden, but nowhere could he see any vestige of the convolvulus. The ground had been levelled and strewn with fine pebbles and sand. With sullen anger the despot entered the tea-room, but a sight waited him there which completely restored his humour. On the tokonoma, in a rare bronze of Sung workmanship, lay a single morning-glory—the queen of the whole garden!

In such instances we see the full significance of the Flower Sacrifice. Perhaps the flowers appreciate the full significance of it. They are not cowards, like men. Some flowers glory in death—certainly the Japanese cherry blossoms do, as they freely surrender themselves to the winds. Any one who has stood before the fragrant avalanche at Yoshino

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or Arashiyama must have realised this. For a moment they hover like bejewelled clouds and dance above the crystal streams; then, as they sail away on the laughing waters, they seem to say: "Farewell, O Spring! We are on to Eternity."

OKAKURA-KAKUZO.

"OPEN AFRESH YOUR ROUND OF STARRY FOLDS"

OPEN afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet-peas, on tiptoe for a flight
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches: little space they stop,
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

.

What next ? a tuft of evening primroses,
 O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;
 O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
 But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
 Of buds into ripe flowers ; or by the flitting
 Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting ;
 Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
 Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
 Coming into the blue with all her light.

JOHN KEATS.

GARDEN FLOWERS

(*From "Star Papers"*)

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks, who used to love them. Morning-glories—or, to call them by their city name, the convolvulus—need no praising. The vine, the leaf, the exquisite vase-formed flower, the delicate and various colours, will secure it from neglect while taste remains. Grape blossoms and mignonette do not appeal to the eye ; and if they were selfish, no man would care for them. Yet because they pour their life out in fragrance they are always loved, and, like homely people with noble hearts, they seem beautiful by association. Nothing that produces constant pleasure in us can fail to seem beautiful. We do not need to speak for that universal favourite—the rose ! As a flower is the

finest stroke of creation, so the rose is the happiest hit among flowers ! Yet, in the feast of ever-blooming roses, and of double roses, we are in danger of being perverted from a love of simplicity, as manifested in the wild, single rose. When a man can look upon the simple, wild rose and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROTHERHOOD

KNEW not the Sun, sweet Violet,
The while he gleaned the snow,
That thou in darkness sepulchred,
Wast slumbering below ?
Or spun a splendour of surprise
Around him to behold thee rise ?

Saw not the Star, sweet Violet,
What time a drop of dew
Let fall his image from the sky
Into thy deeper blue ?
Nor waxed he tremulous and dim
When rival Dawn supplanted him ?

And dreamest thou, sweet Violet,
That I, the vanished Star,
The Dewdrop, and the morning Sun,
Thy closest kinsmen are—
So near that, waking or asleep,
We each and all thine image keep ?

JOHN B. TABB.

ODE LV

WHILE we invoke the wreathèd spring,
Resplendent rose ! to thee we'll sing ;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers ;
Whose virgin blush of chastened dye
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose ;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss !
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have reared it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid floweret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay !
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale !
Oh ! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light !

When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms ;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm ;
Preserves the cold inurnèd clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay.
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death !
Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung ?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung :
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
Mellowed by ocean's briny dews ;
When in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance !
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wantoned o'er its parent's breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth !
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,

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And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine ;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ANACREON.

(MOORE'S *translation.*)

THE ROSE

(*From " Hassan Ben Khaled "*)

" THEN took the generous host
A basket piled with roses. Every guest
Cried, ' Give me roses ! ' and he thus addressed
His words to all : ' He who exalts them most
In song, he only shall the roses wear.'
Then sang a guest : ' The rose's cheeks are fair ;
It crowns the purple bowl, and no one knows
If the rose colours it, or it the rose.'
And sang another : ' Crimson is its hue,
And on its breast the morning's crystal dew
Is changed to rubies ! ' Then a third replied :
' It blushes in the sun's enamoured sight,
As a young virgin on her wedding-night,
When from her face the bridegroom lifts the veil.'
When all had sung their songs, I, Hassan, tried.
' The rose,' I sang, ' is either red or pale,
Like maidens whom the flame of passion burns,
And love or jealousy controls, by turns.
Its buds are lips preparing for a kiss ;
Its open flowers are like the blush of bliss

On lovers' cheeks ; the thorns its armour are,
And in its centre shines a golden star,
As on a favourite's cheek a sequin glows ;—
And thus the garden's favourite is the rose.'
The master from his open basket shook
The roses on my head."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE MOSS ROSE

(Translation)

THE angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dew's of heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose :
" O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair ;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
" Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
" On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought—
What grace was there that flower had not ?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

KRUMMACHER.

OPHELIA'S FLOWERS

(From "Hamlet")

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; Pray you, love, remember : And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madness ; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia. There's fennel for you, and columbines : —there's rue for you ; and here's some for me : —we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays : —you may wear your rue with a difference. —There's a daisy : —I would give you some violets ; but they withered all, when my father died.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FALL OF THE ROSE¹

WHAT the First Bee sang, who knows
 When he tempted the First Rose ?
 Some such tale the Flowers believe,
 As the Serpent told to Eve.
 Only this the Roses know :
 Petals once as white as snow
 To a burning crimson grew,
 As her Loveliness she knew.
 Then it was a leaf she took
 Out of Eve's own fashion-book ;

¹ From *Overheard in a Garden* ; copyright, 1900, by Oliver Herford ; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And from Eden's mosses wove
An apron chaste. In vain she strove,
For in that veil of emerald lace
The Moss Rose found an added grace.

OLIVER HERFORD.

THE ROSE

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone ;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known :
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
The learned bards of it their ditties made ;
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Water'd the root and kiss'd her pretty shade.
But well-a-day !—the gardener careless grew ;
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
God shield the stock ! If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE ROSE

AH ! see, deep-blushing in her green recess,
The bashful virgin Rose, that half revealing,
And half within herself, herself concealing,
Is lovelier for her hidden loveliness.

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Lo ! soon her glorious beauty she discovers :
Soon droops ;—and sheds her leaves of faded hue ;
Can this be she,—the flower, erewhile that drew
The heart of thousand maids, of thousand longing
lovers ?

So fleeteth in the fleeting of a day,
Of mortal life the green leaf and the flower,
And not, though Spring return to every bower,
Buds forth again soft leaf or blossom gay.
Gather the Rose ! beneath the beauteous morning
Of this bright day that soon will over-cast ;
O gather the sweet Rose, that yet doth last !

TORQUATO TASSO.

THE DYING FLOWER

“ Droop not, poor flower ! There’s hope for thee :
The spring again will breathe and burn,
And glory robe the kingly tree,
Whose life is in the sun’s return ;
And once again its buds will chime
Their peal of joy from viewless bells,
Though all the long dark winter-time
They mourned within their dreary cells.”

“ Alas, no kingly tree am I,
No marvel of a thousand years :
I cannot dream a winter by,
And wake with song when spring appears !

At best, my life is kin to death ;
My little all of being flows
From summer's kiss, from summer's breath,
And sleeps in summer's grave of snows."

" Yet, grieve not ! Summer may depart,
And beauty seek a brighter home :
But thou that bearest in thy heart
The germ of many a life to come,
Mayst lightly reckon of autumn's storms ;
Whate'er thy individual doom,
Thine essence, blent with other forms,
Will still shine out in radiant bloom."

" Yes : moons will wane ; and bluer skies
Breathe blessing forth for flower and tree.
I know that while the unit dies,
The myriad live immortally ;
But shall my soul survive in them ?
Shall I be all I was before ?
Vain dream ! I wither, soul and stem :
I die, and know my place no more.

" The sun may lavish life on them ;
His light, in summer morns and eves,
May colour every dewy gem
That sparkles on their tender leaves ;
But this will not avail the dead :
The glory of his wondrous face
Who now rains lustre on my head,
Can only mock my burial-place.

"And woe to me, fond foolish one,
 To tempt an all-consuming ray!
 To think a flower could love a sun,
 Nor feel her soul dissolve away!
 O could I be what once I was,
 How should I shun his fatal beam!
 Wrapt in myself, my life should pass
 But as a still, dark, painless dream.

"But vainly in my bitterness
 I speak the language of despair:
 In life, in death, I still must bless
 The sun, the light, the cradling air.
 Mine early love to them I gave,
 And now that young bright orb on high
 Illumines but a wider grave,
 For them I breathe my final sigh.

"How often soared my soul aloft
 In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
 When Zephyr came, and kissed with soft,
 Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek,
 When beauteous bees and butterflies
 Flew round me in the summer beam,
 Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
 Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream!

"Ah, yes! I know myself a birth
 Of that all-wise Almighty Love
 Which made the flower to bloom on earth,
 And sun and stars to burn above;

And if, like them, I fade and fail,
If I but share the common doom,
Let no lament of mine bewail
My dark descent to Hades' gloom.

"Farewell, thou lamp of this green globe!
Thy light is on my dying face,
Thy glory tints my faded robe,
And clasps me in a death-embrace.
Farewell, thou balsam-dropping spring!
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep!
Unhoping, and unmurmuring,
I bow my head and sink to sleep."

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

(*Translated by* JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

THE IRIS

FRAIL iris, from whose fragile sheath,
In lilac and in primrose hue,
The beakèd bud just pushes through
To greet the blackbirds and the blue,
What news from hollow worlds beneath?

In strata of the kindling sod
What murmur reached you of the spring?
What proof of warmth and weft and wing
Broke through your blank imagining,
And thrilled your core with hopes of God?

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Wak'd to a rapture unaware,
Your rootlet, iris, stirr'd with faith;
You caught the voice of Him who saith:
"Spring is the vapour of my breath,
And sap the sound of answered prayer."

EDMUND GOSSE.

FLOWERS

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with
a blush,
She is of such low degree;

Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the
bee;—

But I will plight with dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD.

WHITE FOXGLOVE

WHITE foxglove, by an angle in the wall,
Secluded, tall,
No vulgar bees
Consult you, wondering
If such a dainty thing
Can give them ease.
Yet what was that? Sudden a breeze
From the far moorland sighed,
And you replied,
Quiv'ring a moment with a thrill
Sweet, but ineffable.

Was it a kiss that sought you from the bowers
Of happier flowers,
And did not heed
Accessible loveliness,
And with a quaint distress
Hinted the need,
And paused and trembled for its deed,
And so you trembled, too,
No roseate hue
Revealing how the alarmèd sense
Blushed quick—intense?

Ah me !

Such kisses are for roses in the prime,
 For braid of lime,
 For full-blown blooms,
 For ardent breaths outpoured
 Obvious, or treasure stored
 In honied rooms
 Of rare delight, in which the looms
 Of nature still conspire
 To sate desire.
 Not such are you beside the wall,
 Cloistered and virginal.

'Twas your wild purple sisters there that passed
 Unseen, and cast
 The spell. They hold
 The vantage of the heights,
 And in you they have rights,
 And they are bold :
 They know not ever to be cold
 Or coy, but they would play
 With you alway.
 Wherefore their little sprites a-wing
 Make onslaught from the ling.

*So spake I to the foxglove in my mood,
 But was not understood.
 Rather she shrank, and in a tenfold whiteness
 Condemned what must have seemed to her my light-
 ness.*

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

TIGER-LILIES

I LIKE not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow ;
I like the chaliceed lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow !

For they are tall and slender ;
Their mouths are dashed with carmine,
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful,—
They are Circassian women,
The favourites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden walks !

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,—
How they burn and glow !
O for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow !

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH,

TO A WEED

You bold thing! thrusting 'neath the very nose
Of her fastidious majesty, the rose,
Even in the best ordained garden bed,
Unauthorised, your smiling little head!

The gardener, mind! will come in his big boots,
And drag you up by your rebellious roots,
And cast you forth to shrivel in the sun,
Your daring quelled, your little weed's life done.

And when the noon cools, and the sun drops low,
He'll come again with his big wheelbarrow,
And trundle you—I don't know clearly where,
But off, outside the dew, the light, the air.

Meantime—ah, yes! the air is very blue,
And gold the light, and diamond the dew,—
You laugh and courtesy in your worthless way,
And you are gay, ah, so exceeding gay!

You argue in your manner of a weed,
You did not make yourself grow from a seed,
You fancy you've a claim to standing-room,
You dream yourself a right to breathe and bloom.

The sun loves you, you think, just as the rose,
He never scorned you for a weed,—he knows!
The green-gold flies rest on you and are glad,
It's only cross old gardeners find you bad.

You know, you weed, I quite agree with you,
I am a weed myself, and I laugh too,—
Both, just as long as we can shun his eye,
Let's sniff at the old gardener trudging by !

GERTRUDE HALL.

“’T WAS IN THE BATH, A PIECE OF
PERFUMED CLAY”

’T WAS in the bath, a piece of perfumed clay
Came from my loved one's hands to mine, one day.
“Art thou then musk or ambergris?” I said,
“That by thy scent my soul is ravishèd?”
“Not so,” it answered, “worthless earth was I,
But long I kept the rose's company;
Thus near, its perfect fragrance to me came,
Else I'm but earth, the worthless and the same.”

SA'DI: “*The Gulistân.*”

(Translated by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.)

“HERBULARIS”

A CHAPLET then of Herbs I'll make
Than which though yours be braver,
Yet this of mine I'll undertake
Shall not be short of savour:
With Basil then I will begin,
Whose scent is wondrous pleasing;
This Eglantine I'll next put in,
The sense with sweetness seizing;

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Then in my Lavender I lay,
Muscado put among it,
With here and there a leaf of Bay,
Which still shall run along it.

Germander, Marjoram and Thyme,
Which usèd are for strewing :
With Hyssop as an herb most prime
Here in my wreath bestowing ;
Then Balm and Mint help to make up
My chaplet, and for trial
Costmary that so likes the Cup,
And next it Pennyroyal.
Then Burnet shall bear up with this,
Whose leaf I greatly fancy ;
Some Camomile doth not amiss
With Savoury and some Tansy.

Then here and there I'll put a sprig
Of Rosemary into it,
Thus not too Little nor too Big,
'Tis done if I can do it.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DAFFODIL

Who passes down the wintry street?
Hey, ho, daffodil !
A sudden flame of gold and sweet.
With sword of emerald girt so meet,
And golden gay from head to feet.

How are you here this wintry day?

Hey, ho, daffodil!

Your radiant fellows yet delay.

No windflower dances scarlet gay,

Nor crocus-flame lights up the way.

What land of cloth o' gold and green,

Hey, ho, daffodil!

Cloth o' gold with the green between,

Was that you left but yestere'en

To light a gloomy world and mean?

King trumpeter to Flora queen,

Hey, ho, daffodil!

Blow, and the golden jousts begin.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

TO AN IRIS

THOU art a golden Iris

Under a purple wall,

Whereon the burning sunlight

And greening shadows fall.

What Summer night's enchantment

Took up the garden mould,

And with the falling star-dust

Refined it to such gold?

What wonder of white magic

Bidding thy soul aspire,

Filled that luxurious body

With languor and with fire?

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Wert thou not once a beauty
In Persia or Japan,
For whom, by toiling seaway
Or dusty caravan,

Of old some lordly lover
Brought countless treasure home
Of gems and silk and attar,
To pleasure thee therefrom ?

Pale amber from the Baltic,
Soft rugs of Indian ply,
Stuffs from the looms of Bagdad
Stained with the Tyrian dye.

Were thy hands bright with henna,
Thy lashes black with kohl,
Thy voice like silver water
Out of an earthen bowl ?

Or was thy only tent-cloth
The blue Astartean night,
Thy soul to beauty given,
Thy body to delight ?

Wert thou not well desired,
And was not life a boon,
When Tanis held in Sidon
Her Mysteries of the Moon ?

There in her groves of ilex
The nightingales made ring
With the mad lyric chorus
Of youth and love and Spring,

Wert thou not glad to worship
With some blond Paphian boy,
Illumined by new knowledge
And intimate with joy?

And did not the Allmother
Smile in the hushed dim light,
Hearing thy stifled laughter
Disturb her holy rite?

Ah, well thou must have served her
In wise and gracious ways,
With more than vestal fervour,
A loved one all thy days!

And dost thou, then, revisit
Our borders at her will,
Child of the sultry rapture,
Waif of the Orient still?

Because thy love was fearless
And fond and strong and free,
Art thou not her last witness
To our apostasy?

Just at the height of summer,
The joy-days of the year,
She bids, for our reproval,
Thy radiance appear.

Oh, Iris, let thy spirit
Enkindle our gross clay,
Bring back the lost earth-passion
For beauty to our day!

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To-night, when down the marshes
The lilac half-lights fade,
And on the rosy shore-line
No earthly spell is laid,

I would be thy new lover,
With the dark life renewed
By our great mother Tanis
And thy solicitude.

Feel slowly change this vesture
Of mortal flesh and bone,
Transformed by her soft witch-work
To one more like thine own.

Become but as the rain-wind
(Who am but dust indeed),
To slake thy velvet ardour
And sooth thy darling need.

To dream and waken with thee
Under the night's blue sail,
As the wild odours freshen,
Till the white stars grow pale.

BLISS CARMAN.

SONG OF THE ROSE

(From "*Achilles Tatius*")

IF Zeus chose us a king of the flowers in his
mirth,
He would call to the rose, and would royally
crown it;
For the rose, ho, the rose! is the grace of the
earth,
Is the light of the plants that are growing upon
it;
For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the
flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves
fair,
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the
bowers
On pale lovers who sit in the glow unaware.
Ho, the rose breathes of love! ho, the rose lifts the
cup
To the red lips of Cypris invoked for a guest!
Ho, the rose, having curled its sweet leaves for the
world,
Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,
As they laugh to the wind as it laughs from the
west!

Attributed to SAPPHO.

(Translated by E. B. BROWNING.)

THE LILAC

THE lilac-bush is in blossom,
It hath the balmy smell
Of that dear delicious summer,
Of love's first miracle.
I feel, as I breathe its fragrance,
The old enchanting pain,
The sweet insatiate longing,
Thrill through my heart and brain.

Oh youth! youth! youth! where are you?
I call, but you come no more!
I weep, but afar you mock me!
And you laugh when I implore!
Yet you hide within the lilac,
With an odour you shoot me through,
And a whiff of the old you fling me
That is better than all the new.

How proudly we struggled to leave you,
When you implored us to stay!
How bitterly grieve to regain you
When once you have fled away.
Too late, too late, we love you,
And long for your laugh of surprise,
And we only truly can see you
With manhood's tears in our eyes.

You flung your arms around me
And pelted me with flowers;
You clung to me as we wandered
Among those lilac bowers.

You kissed me, half laughing, half crying,
Beseeching me to remain,
But impatient I shook you from me—
And you never will come again.

Your lilacs are ever blooming
In happy gardens of play,
But they love you not who have you,
And fain would they flee away.
They long for the fields of freedom
Where the fruit of ambition grows,
And for manhood's heights, that are lifted
Against a sky of rose.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

A LEAF OF FERN

(From "Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day")

I STOOPED and picked a leaf of fern,
And recollected I might learn
From books, how many myriad sorts
Of fern exist, to trust reports,
Each as distinct and beautiful
As this, the very first I cull.
Think, from the first leaf to the last!
Conceive, then, earth's resources! Vast
Exhaustless beauty, endless change
Of wonder!

ROBERT BROWNING.

A ROSE

BLOWN in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon.
 What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
 Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
 And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
 If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
 Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
 For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
 The sentence of thy early death contain.
 Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet
 flower,
 If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn;
 And many Herods lie in wait each hour
 To murder thee as soon as thou art born—
 Nay, force thy bud to blow—their tyrant breath
 Anticipating life, to hasten death!

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

HOMELY SOUNDS AND ODOURS

(From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table")

I DON'T believe any of you happen to have just the same passion for the blue hyacinth which I have,—very certainly not for the crushed lilac-leaf-buds; many of you do not know how sweet they are. You love the smell of the sweet-fern and the bay-berry-leaves, I don't doubt; but I hardly think that the last bewitches you with young memories as it does me. For the same reason I come back

to damask roses, after having raised a good many of the rarer varieties. I like to go to operas and concerts, but there are queer little old homely sounds, that are better than music to me. However, I suppose it's foolish to tell such things.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE

THE rose was sick and smiling died ;
 And, being to be sanctified,
 About the bed there sighing stood
 The sweet and flowery sisterhood :
 Some hung the head, while some did bring,
 To wash her, water from the spring ;
 Some laid her forth, while others wept,
 But all a solemn fast there kept :
 The holy sisters, some among,
 The sacred dirge and trental¹ sung.
 But ah ! what sweets smelt everywhere,
 As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
 At last, when prayers for the dead
 And rites were all accomplishèd,
 They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
 And closed her up as in a tomb.

ROBERT HERRICK.

¹ Trental : services for the dead, of thirty masses.

MARIGOLDS

THE marigolds are nodding ;
 I wonder what they know.
 Go, listen very gently ;
 You may persuade them so.
 Go, be their little brother,
 As humble as the grass,
 And lean upon the hill-wind,
 And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
 Put by the fear of pain ;
 You may be counted worthy
 To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
 Be Chaucer in your love ;
 They may relent and tell you
 What they are thinking of.

BLISS CARMAN.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

(From the Chinese)

LOVERS of flowering plants and shrubs we have had by scores, but T'ao Yüan-ming alone devoted himself to the chrysanthemum. Since the opening

days of the T'ang dynasty, it has been fashionable to admire the peony; but my favourite is the water-lily. How stainless it rises from its slimy bed! How modestly it reposes on the clear pool—an emblem of purity and truth! Symmetrically perfect, its subtle perfume is wafted far and wide; while there it rests in spotless state, something to be regarded reverently from a distance, and not to be profaned by familiar approach.

In my opinion, the chrysanthemum is the flower of retirement and culture; the peony, the flower of rank and wealth; the water-lily, the Lady of Virtue *sans pareille*.

Alas! few have loved the chrysanthemum since T'ao Yüan-ming; and none now love the water-lily like myself; *whereas the peony is a general favourite with all mankind.*

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

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We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE FLOWERS WE LOVE BEST

(*From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"*)

I LOVE the damask rose best of all. The flowers our mothers and sisters used to love and cherish, those which grow beneath our eaves and by our doorstep, are the ones we always love best. If the Houyhnhnms should ever catch me, and, finding me particularly vicious and unmanageable, send a man-tamer to Rarefy me, I'll tell you what drugs he would have to take and how he would have to use them. Imagine yourself reading a number of the *Houyhnhnm Gazette*, giving an account of such an experiment.

"Man-taming Extraordinary"

"The soft-hoofed semi-quadruped recently captured was subjected to the art of our distinguished man-tamer in presence of a numerous assembly.

The animal was led in by two stout ponies, closely confined by straps to prevent his sudden and dangerous trick of shoulder-hitting and foot-striking. His countenance expressed the utmost degree of ferocity and cunning.

“The operator took a handful of *budding lilac-leaves*, and crushing them slightly between his hoofs, so as to bring out their peculiar fragrance, fastened them to the end of a long pole and held them towards the creature. Its expression changed in an instant,—it drew in their fragrance eagerly, and attempted to seize them with its soft split hoofs. Having thus quieted his suspicious subject, the operator proceeded to tie a *blue hyacinth* to the end of the pole and held it out towards the wild animal. The effect was magical. Its eyes filled as if with raindrops, and its lips trembled as it pressed them to the flower. After this it was perfectly quiet, and brought a measure of corn to the man-tamer, without showing the least disposition to strike with the feet or hit from the shoulder.”

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honour!

You do bring

In the spring,

And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair;
 Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
 And so graced
 To be placed
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
 By-and-by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROSE-MORALS¹

I.—RED

WOULD that my songs might be
 What roses make by day and night—
 Distilments of my clod of misery
 Into delight.

Soul, could'st thou bare thy breast
 As yon red rose, and dare the day,
 All clean, and large, and calm with velvet rest?
 Say yea—say yea!

¹ From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*; copyright, 1884, 1891,
 by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ah, dear my Rose, good-bye ;
The wind is up ; so ; drift away.
That songs from me as leaves from thee may fly,
I strive, I pray.

II.—WHITE

Soul, get thee to the heart
Of yonder tuberose : hide thee there—
There breathe the meditations of thine art
Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave yet light,
How fervent fragrances uprise
Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white
Virginities !

Mulched with unsavoury death,
Grow, Soul ! unto such white estate,
That virginal, prayerful art shall be thy breath,
Thy work, thy fate.

SIDNEY LANIER.

MY HOLLYHOCK

AH me, my scarlet hollyhock,
Whose stately head the breezes rock,
How sad, that in one night of frost
Thy radiant beauty shall be lost,
And all thy glory overthrown
Ere half thy ruby buds have blown !

All day across my window low
 Thy flowery stalk waves to and fro
 Against a background of blue sea.
 On the south wind, to visit thee,
 Come airy shapes in sumptuous dyes,—
 Rich golden, black-edged butterflies,
 And humming-birds in emerald coats,
 With flecks of fire upon their throats,
 That in the sunshine whir and glance,
 And probe the flowers with slender lance ;
 And many a drunken, drowsy bee,
 Singing his song hilariously.
 About the garden fluttering yet,
 In amber plumage freaked with jet,
 The goldfinches charm all the air
 With sweet, sad crying everywhere.
 To the dry sunflower stalks they cling,
 And on the ripened disks they swing ;
 With delicate delight they feed
 On the rich store of milky seed.

Autumn goes loitering through the land,
 A torch of fire within her hand.
 Soft sleeps the bloomy haze that broods
 O'er distant hills and mellowing woods ;
 Rustle the cornfields far and near,
 And nuts are ripe, and pastures sere,
 And lovely odours haunt the breeze,
 Borne o'er the sea and through the trees.
 Belated beauty, lingering still
 So near the edge of winter's chill,

The deadly daggers of the cold
Approach thee, and the year grows old.
Is it because I love thee so
Thou waitest, waving to and fro
Thy flowery spike, to gladden me,
Against the background of blue sea?
I wonder—hast thou not some sense,
Some measure of intelligence
Responding to my joy in thee?
Almost I dream that it may be,
Such subtleties are Nature's, hid
Her most well-trodden paths amid;
Such sympathies along her nerves;
Such sweetness in her fine reserves.
Howe'er it be, I thank the powers
That gave me such enchanted hours
This late October, watching thee
Wave thy bright flowers against the sea.

CELIA THAXTER.

THE LOTUS-FLOWER

THE Lotus-flower doth languish
Beneath the sun's fierce light;
With drooping head she waiteth
All dreamily for night.

The Moon is her true lover,
He wakes her with his glance:
To him she unveils gladly
Her gentle countenance.

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She blooms and glows and brightens,
Intent on him above ;
Exhaling, weeping, trembling
With ever-yearning love.

HEINRICH HEINE.

(*Translated by* JAMES THOMSON.)

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES

THEY ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sorto' pale and faded,
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the morning-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashion' sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kindo'—
Sorto' *make* a feller like 'em !
And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know !

And then I think o' Mother,
And how she ust to love 'em—
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less she found 'em up above 'em !

And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pick a bunch and putt 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy er displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,—
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,
And the hollyhawks and sich,
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses
In the roses o' the rich.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A DROP OF DEW

SEE how the Orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 'twas born)
Round in itself encloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere;

Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So the soul, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
 Remembering still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away ;
 So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day,
 Dark beneath, but bright above ;
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go !
 How girt and ready to ascend !
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
 White and entire, although congealed and chill,—
 Congealed on earth, but does, dissolving, run
 Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE SUNFLOWER

(From "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli")

I KNOW a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives
 First, when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
 The world ; and, vainly favoured, it repays
 The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
 By no change of its large calm front of snow.
 And underneath the Mount, a Flower I know,
 He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
 At his approach ; and, in the lost endeavour
 To live his life, has parted, one by one,
 With all a flower's true graces, for the grace
 Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
 With ray-like florets round a disk-like face.
 Men nobly call by many a name the Mount
 As over many a land of theirs its large
 Calm front of snow like a triumphal targe
 Is reared, and still with old names, fresh names vie,
 Each to its proper praise and own account :
 Men call the Flower, the Sunflower, sportively.

.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE SYMBOL OF THE ROSE

(From "Rosa Mystica")

ALONG the husht garden-ways beside me and behind
 me are roses, crimson and yellow, sulphur-white and

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pale carnation, the blood-red damask, and a trailing-rose, brought from France, that looks as though it were live flame miraculously stilled. It is the hour of the rose. Summer has gone, but the phantom-summer is here still. A yellow butterfly hangs upon a great drooping Maréchal Niel: two white butterflies faintly flutter above a corner-group of honey-sweet roses of Provence. A late hermit-bee, a few lingering wasps, and the sweet, reiterated, insistent, late-autumn song of the redbreast. That is all. It is the hour of the rose. . . .

In the long history of the Rose, from the time when the Babylonians carried sceptres ornamented now with this flower, now with the apple or lotus, to the coming of the Damask Rose into England in the time of Henry VII.: from the straying into English gardens, out of the Orient, of that lovely yellow cabbage-rose, which first came into notice shortly after Shakespeare's death, or from Shakespeare's own "Provençal rose," which is no other than the loved and common cabbage-rose of our gardens: from the combes of Devon to the straths of Sutherland, to that little clustering rose which flowered in Surrey meads in the days of Chaucer and has now wandered so far north that the Icclander can gather it in his brief hyperborean summer: from Keats' musk-rose—

"The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves"—

to that Green Rose which for more than half a century has puzzled the rose-lover and been a theme

of many speculations . . . a thousand wise and beautiful things have been said of this most loved of flowers, and not a few errors been perpetuated. . . .

I recall an old legend of the last rose of summer, long anterior to the familiar song so named: a legend of how at Samhain (Hallowmass) when of old was held the festival of summer ended and of winter begun, a young Druid brought a rose to the sunward stones, and, after consecration and invocation, threw it into the sea.

To-day, sitting in my old garden amid many roses, and looking westward across a waveless, a moveless sea, now of faint apple-green and fainter mauve lost in a vast luminous space of milky, violet-shadowed translucency, I dream again that old dream, and wonder what its portent then, what its ancient significance, of what the symbol now, the eternal and unchanging symbol. For nothing is more strange than the life of natural symbols. We may discern in them a new illusion, a new meaning: the thought we slip into them may be shaped to a new desire and coloured with some new fantasy of dreams or of the unspoken and nameless longing in the heart: but the symbol has seen a multitude of desires come and go like shadows, has been troubled with many longings and baffled wings of the veiled passions of the soul, and has known dreams, many dreams, dreams as the uncounted sand, the myriad wave, the illimitable host of cloud, rain that none hath numbered. The Symbol of the Lily has been the chalice of the world's

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tears; the Symbol of the Rose, the passion of uplifted hearts and of hearts on fire.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE IVY GREEN

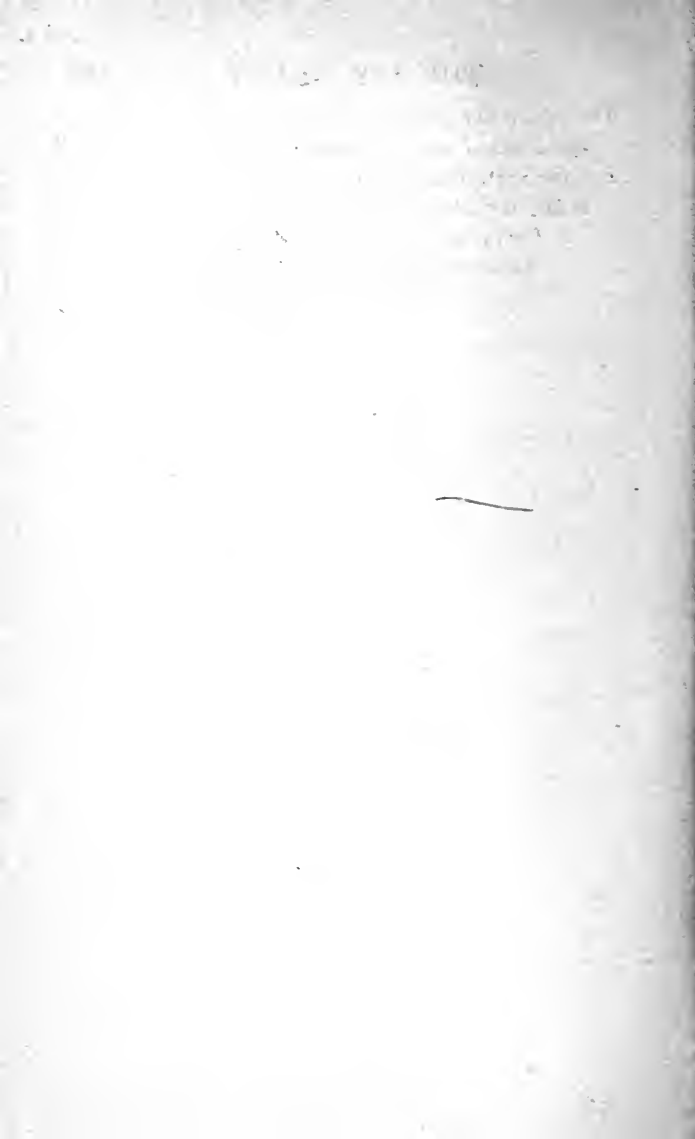
O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he !
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.



III

THE MARCH OF THE SEASONS

*The daughters of the year,
One after one, through that still garden pass'd ;
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the shade.*

TENNYSON.

*Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers
appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come,
and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ; the fig tree
putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender
grape give a good smell.*

THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

*Ere Man is aware
That the Spring is here
The Flowers have found it out.*

ANCIENT CHINESE SAYING.

*There is an ancient Saxon name for springtime—Opyn-tide
—thus defined by an old writer, “Whenne that flowres think
on blowen”—when the flowers begin to think of budding and
blowing.*

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

*I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility.—Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

*Lay up treasures for thyself from the hues and odours of
Spring-tide, for follow quickly on its heels the Autumn and
the Winter.*

*Is there aught sweeter than the delights of the garden and
companionship of the spring ?*

HAFIZ.

(Translated from the Persian.)

“WHEN SPRING HAS COME”

WHEN Spring has come, and in your frost-bound
heart

Is born with her first sighing o’er the hills
The longing that so strangely softens it,
The blind, warm reaching out toward all that lives
And breathes the tepid air along with you,
The dreamy joy in life and youth and things
That swells your aching breast and finds no words,—
Thrice happy, oh, thrice happy still the Earth
That can express herself in roses, yes,
Can make the lily tell her inmost thought !

GERTRUDE HALL.

EACH FLOWER IN ITS SEASON

(From “Of Gardens”)

FOR March, there come violets, especially the single blue, which are the earliest, the yellow daffodil, the daisy, the almond-tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cornelian-tree in blossom, sweetbriar. In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures, rosemary flowers, the tulip, the double peony, the pale daffodil, the

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French honeysuckle, the cherry-tree in blossom, the damson and plum-trees in blossom, the white-thorn in leaf, the lilac-tree.

In May and June come pinks of all sorts, especially the blush pink, roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marigold, flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit, ribes, figs in fruit, rasps, vine flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the white flower, herba muscaria, lilium convallium, the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gilliflowers of all varieties, musk roses, the lime-tree in blossom, early pears and plums in fruit, gennittings, quodlins.

In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricots, barberries, filberts, musk melons, monks-hoods of all colours, peaches, melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces. In October and the beginning of November come services, medlars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late, hollyhocks, and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived that you may have *ver perpetuum*, as the place affords. For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress-trees, yews, pine-apple-trees, fir-trees, rosemary, lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander, flags; orange-trees, lemon-trees and myrtles, if they be stoved; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezerion-

tree which then blossoms; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the grey; primroses, anemones, the early tulip, hyacinthus orientalis, chamairis, fritellaria.

FRANCIS BACON (LORD VERULAM).

THE FLOWER

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

:

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These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.

Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A CHANTED CALENDAR

FIRST came the primrose,
On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So look'd she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has roll'd by
Wanders to and fro,
So totter'd she,
Dishevell'd in the wind.

— Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,

Like a banner'd show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them they came
trooping through the fields.

As a happy people come,
So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has roll'd away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it dancèd she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

SPRING SONGS

I

Now the dreary winter's over,
Fled with him are grief and pain,
When the trees their bloom recover,
Then the soul is born again.

Spikenard blossoms shaking,
Perfume all the air,
And in bud and flower breaking,
Stands my garden fair.

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While with swelling gladness blest,
Heaves my friend's rejoicing breast.
Oh, come home, lost friend of mine,
Scared from out my tent and land.

Drink from me the spicy wine,
Milk and must from out my hand.

Cares which hovered round my brow,
Vanish, while the garden now
Girds itself with myrtle hedges,
Bright-hued edges
Round it lie.

Suddenly
All my sorrows die.
See the breathing myrrh-trees blow,
Aromatic airs enfold me.
While the splendour and the glow
Of the walnut-branches hold me.

And a balsam-breath is flowing,
Through the leafy shadows green,
On the left the cassia's growing,
On the right the aloe's seen.
Lo, the clear cup crystalline,
In itself a gem of art,
Ruby-red foams up with wine,
Sparkling rich with froth and bubble.
I forget the want and trouble,
Buried deep within my heart.

Where is he who lingered here,
But a little while ago?

From my homestead he has flown,
 From the city sped alone,
 Dwelling in the forest drear.
 Oh, come again, to those who wait thee long,
 And who will greet thee with a choral song!
 Beloved, kindle bright
 Once more thine everlasting light.
 Through thee, oh, cherub with protecting wings,
 My glory out of darkness springs.

II

Crocus and spikenard blossom on my lawn,
 The briar fades, the thistle is withdrawn.
 Behold, where glass-clear brooks are flowing,
 The splendour of the myrtle blowing!
 The garden-tree has doffed her widow's veil,
 And shines in festal garb, in verdure pale.
 The turtle-dove is cooing, hark!
 Is that the warble of the lark?
 Unto their perches they return again.
 Oh, brothers, carol forth your joyous strain,
 Pour out full-throated ecstasy of mirth,
 Proclaiming the Lord's glory to the earth.
 One with a low, sweet song,
 One echoing loud and long,
 Chanting the music of a spirit strong.
 In varied tints the landscape glows.
 In rich array appears the rose.
 While the pomegranate's wreath of green,
 The gauzy red and snow-white blossoms screen.
 Who loves it now rejoices for its sake,
 And those are glad who sleep, and those who wake.

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When cool-breathed evening visiteth the world,
In flower and leaf the beaded dew is pearled,
Reviving all that droops at length,
And to the languid giving strength.

Now in the east the shining light behold !
The sun has oped a lustrous path of gold.
Within my narrow garden's greenery,
Shot forth a branch, sprang to a splendid tree,
Then in mine ear the joyous words did ring,
" From Jesse's root a verdant branch shall spring."
My Friend has cast his eyes upon my grief,
According to His mercy, sends relief.
Hark ! the redemption hour's resounding stroke,
For him who bore with patient heart the yoke !

NACHUM (Hebrew).

(*Translated by* EMMA LAZARUS.)

A WELCOME TO SPRING

(*From "The Alexander-Book"*)

COME, gardener ! make gladsome preparation ;
The rose is come back, throw wide open the gate of
the garden.
Nizami hath left the walls of the city for his
pleasure-ground ;
Array the garden like the figured damask of China.
Dress up its beauty with the ringlets of the violet ;
Awaken from its sleep the tipsy narcissus.
Let the lip of the rose-bud inhale a milky odour ;
Let the palate of the red rose breathe out an amber
fragrance.

Let the tall cypress spread wide its branches ;
 Tell the news to the turtle-dove, that its bough is
 again green.

Whisper to the nightingale the joyful tidings,
 That the cradle of the rose is brought back to the
 wine-house.

From the face of the green lawn wash away the dust ;
 That, bathed, it may resume its pristine splendour ;
 On the head of the white rose with its snowy hair
 Cast a shade from the darkness of the musk-willow.

The lip of the pomegranate stain with wine ;
 Gild the ground with the yellow violet.

Give to the jessamine a salutation from the arghavān ;
 Direct the running streamlet toward the rose-bush.

Behold again the newly-born children of the mead !
 Draw not a line over that delicate drawing !

Others, like me, inspire with a love of the verdant ;
 Bear my salutation to every green thing !

How the mild air of the pleasure-ground is attractive
 to the soul !

How it sweetens to the heart our affections for our
 friends !

The trees are blossoming on the borders of the
 garden ;

Every flower is lighted up with a lamp-like splendour.

To the tongue-tied bird its voice is come again,
 To its wing the soaring flight of the old days.

Wake once more the melodies of the plaintive lute,
 Break forth into dancing, my dejected heart !

NIZAMI.

(*Translated from the Persian.*)

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!
 And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice
 over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower—
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

SEED-TIME HYMN

LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
 And thou hast sworn to hear;
 Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
 The fresh and fading year:

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee;
And still, now spring has on us smil'd,
We wait on thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

JOHN KEBLE.

SPRING HAS COME

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,
Slant through my pane their morning rays;
For dry Northwesters cold and clear,
The East blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,
Then close against the sheltering wall
The tulip's horn of dusky green,
The peony's dark unfolding ball.

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The golden-chaliced crocus burns,
The long narcissus-blades appear ;
The cone-beaked hyacinth returns,
And lights her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung
By the wild winds of gusty March,
With sallow leaflets lightly strung
Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robed their slender spray
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf ;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,
That flames in glory for an hour,—
Behold it withering,—then look up,—
How meek the forest monarch's flower !—

When wake the violets, Winter dies ;
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near ;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
“ Bud, little roses ! Spring is here ! ”

The windows blush with fresh bouquets,
Cut with the May-dew on their lips ;
The radish all its bloom displays,
Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers
 On beauty's changed corolla-shades,—
 The walks are gay as bridal bowers
 With rows of many-petalled maids.

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,
 The thrush's trill, the robin's cry,
 Like some poor bird with prisoned wing
 That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

Oh for one spot of living green,—
 One little spot where leaves can grow,—
 To love unblamed, to walk unseen,
 To dream above, to sleep below!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

NATURE'S ENDLESS BLOOM

(From "*The Seasons*")

At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. . . .
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend; around, athwart,
 Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;

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And oft, with soaring wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps :
Now meets the bending sky : the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes ;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown
And lavish stock that scents the garden round.

.

Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run. . . .
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes,
Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquilles,

Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE GARDEN

WHEN the light flourish of the bluebird sounds,
And the south wind comes blandly ; when the sky
Is soft in delicate blue with melting pearl
Spotting its bosom, all proclaiming Spring,
Oh with what joy the garden-spot we greet
Wakening from wintry slumbers ! As we tread
The branching walks, within its hollowed nook,
We see the violet by some lingering flake
Of melting snow, its sweet eye lifting up
As welcoming our presence. Overhead
The fruit-tree buds are swelling, and we hail
Our grateful task of moulding into form
The waste around us. The quick-delving spade
Upturns the fresh and odorous earth. The rake
Smooths the plump bed, and in their furrowed graves
We drop the seed. The robin stops his work
Upon the apple-bough, and flutters down,
Stealing, with oft-checked and uplifted foot,
And watchful gaze bent quickly either side,
Toward the fallen wealth of food around the mouth
Of the light paper pouch upon the earth.

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But fearful of our motives, off he flies,
And stoops upon the grub the spade has thrown
Loose from its den beside the wounded root.
Days pass along. The pattering shower falls down,
And then the warming sunshine. Tiny clefts
Tell that the seed has turned itself and swift
Is pushing up its stem. The fruit-trees now
Have broken into blossom ; and the grape
Casting aside, in peels, its shrivelled skin,
Shows its soft furzy leaf of delicate pink ;
And the thick midge-like blossoms round diffuse
A strong delicious fragrance. Soon along
The trellis stretch the tendrils, sharply pronged,
Clinging tenacious with their winding rings
And sending on the stem. A sheet of bloom
Then decks the garden, till the summer glows
Forming the perfect fruit. In showery nights
The firefly glances with its pendent lamp
Of greenish gold. Each dark nook owns a voice :
While perfume floats on every wave of air.
And as we reap the rich fruits of our toil
We bless the God who rains His gifts on us,
Making the earth its treasures rich to yield
With slight and fitful care. Our hearts should be
Ever but harps to send unceasing hymns
Of thankful praise to One who fills all space,
And yet looks down with smiles on lowly Man.

ALFRED B. STREET.

SPRING IN CAROLINA

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden sun and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn ;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

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In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth ;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamoured South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn ;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant ; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
" Behold me ! I am May ! "

HENRY TIMROD.

BECAUSE THE ROSE MUST FADE

BECAUSE the rose must fade,
Shall I not love the rose ?
Because the summer shade
Passes when winter blows,
Shall I not rest me there
In the cool air ?

Because the sunset sky
 Makes music in my soul,
 Only to fail and die,
 Shall I not take the whole
 Of beauty that it gives
 While yet it lives ?

Because the sweet of youth
 Doth vanish all too soon,
 Shall I forget, forsooth,
 To learn its lingering tune ;
 My joy to memorise
 In those young eyes ?

If, like the summer flower
 That blooms—a fragrant death,
 Keen music hath no power
 To live beyond its breath,
 Then of this flood of song
 Let me drink long !

Ah, yes, because the rose
 Fades like the sunset skies ;
 Because rude winter blows
 All bare, and music dies—
 Therefore, now is to me
 Eternity !

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THE TIME OF THE ROSES

MORNING is blushing ; the gay nightingales
 Warble their exquisite songs in the vales ;
 Spring, like a spirit, floats everywhere,
 Shaking sweet spice-showers loose from her hair,
 Murmurs half-musical sounds from the stream,
 Breathes in the valley, and shines in the beam.
 In, in at the portal that youth uncloses !
 It hastes, it wastes, the time of the roses.

Meadows and gardens and sun-lighted glades,
 Palaces, terraces, grottoes, and shades
 Woo thee ; a fairy bird sings in thine ear :
Come and be happy ! An Eden is here.
 Knowest thou whether for thee there be any
 Years in the future ? Ah, think on how many
 A young heart under the mould reposes,
 Nor feels how wheels the time of the roses !

In the red light of the many-leaved rose
 Mahomet's wonderful mantle reglows ;
 Gaudier far, but as blooming and tender,
 Tulips and martagons revel in splendour.
 Drink from the chalice of joy, ye who may !
 Youth is a flower of early decay,
 And pleasure a monarch that age deposes,
 When past, at last, the time of the roses.

See the young lilies, their scimitar-petals
 Glancing, like silver mid earthier metals :
 Dews of the brightest, in life-giving showers,
 Fall all the night on these luminous flowers :

Each of them sparkles afar like a gem.
 Wouldst thou be smiling and happy like them?
 O follow all counsel that pleasure proposes!
 It dies, it flies, the time of the roses.

Pity the roses! Each rose is a maiden
 Pranked, and with jewels of dew overladen:
 Pity the maidens! The moon of their bloom
 Rises to set in the cells of the tomb.
 Life has its winter; when summer is gone,
 Maidens, like roses, lie stricken and wan.
 Tho' bright as the burning bush of Moses,
 Soon fades, fair maids, the time of your roses.

Lustre and odours, and blossoms and flowers,
 All that is richest in garden and bowers,
 Teach us morality, speak of mortality,
 Whisper that life is a sad unreality.
 Death is the end of that lustre, those odours:
 Brilliance and beauty are gloomy foreboders
 To him who knows what this world of woes is,
 And sees how flees the time of the roses!

Heed them not, hear them not! Morning is
 blushing,
 Perfumes are wandering, fountains are gushing.
 What tho' the rose, like a virgin forbidden,
 Long under leafy pavilion lay hidden?
 Now, far around as the vision can stretch,
 Wreaths for the pencils of angels to sketch,
 Festoon the tall hills that the landscape discloses.
 O sweet, tho' fleet, is the time of the roses!

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Now the air, drunk from the breath of the flowers,
Faints like a bride whom her bliss overpowers ;
Such and so rich is the fragrance that fills
Ether and cloud, that its essence distils,
As thro' thin lily-leaves, earthward again,
Sprinkling with rose-water garden and plain.
O joyously, after the winter closes,
Returns and burns the time of the roses !

O for some magical vase to imprison
All the sweet incense that yet has not risen,
And the swift pearls that, radiant and rare,
Glisten and drop thro' the hollows of air !
Vain : they depart, both the beaming and fragrant ;
So, too, hope leaves us, and love proves a vagrant ;
Too soon their entrancing illusion closes :
It cheats, it fleets, the time of the roses !

Tempest and thunder and war were abroad ;
Riot and turbulence triumphed unawed ;
Suleiman rose, and the thunders were hushed,
Faction was prostrate, turbulence crushed.
Once again peace in her gloriousness rallies ;
Once again shine the glad skies on our valleys,
And sweetly anew the poet composes
His lays in praise of the time of the roses !

I, too, Meseehi, already renowned,
Centuries hence by my song shall be crowned ;
Far as the stars of the wide heaven shine,
Men shall rejoice in this carol of mine.

Lelia ! thou art as a rose unto me :
 Think on the nightingale singing for thee !
 For he who on love like thine reposes
 Least heeds how speeds the time of the roses.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

EARLY SUMMER IN NEW ORLEANS¹

(From "*Dr. Sevier*")

It was very beautiful to see the summer set in. Trees everywhere. You looked down a street, and, unless it were one of the two broad avenues where the only street-cars ran, it was pretty sure to be so overarched with boughs that, down in the distance, there was left but a narrow streak of vivid blue sky in the middle. Well-nigh every house had its garden, as every garden its countless flowers. The dark orange began to show its growing weight of fruitfulness, and was hiding in its thorny interior the nestlings of yonder mocking-bird, silently foraging down in the sunny grass. The yielding branches of the privet were boughed down with their plummy panicles, and swayed heavily from side to side, drunk with gladness and plenty. Here the peach was beginning to droop over a wall. There, and yonder again, beyond, ranks of fig-trees, that had so muffled themselves in their foliage that not the nakedness of a twig showed through, had yet more figs than leaves. The crisp, cool masses of the

¹ From *Dr. Sevier* ; copyright, 1883, 1884, by George W. Cable ; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

pomegranate were dotted with scarlet flowers. The cape jasmine wore hundreds of her own white favours, whose fragrance forerun the sight. Every breath of air was a new perfume. Roses, an innumerable host, ran a fairy riot about all grounds, and clamored from the lowest doorstep to the highest roof. The oleander, wrapped in one great garment of red blossoms, nodded in the sun, and stirred and winked in the faint stirrings of the air. The pale banana slowly fanned herself with her own broad leaf. High up against the intense sky, its hard, burnished foliage glittering in the sunlight, the magnolia spread its dark boughs, adorned with their queenly white flowers. Not a bird nor an insect seemed unmated. The little wren stood and sung to his sitting wife his loud, ecstatic song, made all of her own name,—Matilda, Urilda, Lucinda, Belinda, Adaline, Madaline, Caroline, or Melinda, as the case might be,—singing as though every bone of his tiny body were a golden flute. The humming-birds hung on invisible wings, and twittered with delight as they feasted on woodbine and honeysuckle. The pigeon on the roof-tree cooed and wheeled about his mate, and swelled his throat, and tremulously bowed and walked with a smiting step, and arched his purpling neck, and wheeled and bowed and wheeled again. Pairs of butterflies rose in straight upward flight, fluttered about each other in amorous strife, and drifted away in the upper air. And out of every garden came the voices of little children at play,—the blesseddest sound on earth.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

SUMMER-SWEET

HONEY-SWEET, sweet as honey smell the lilies,
Little lilies of the gold in a ring;
Little censers of pale gold are the lilies,
That the wind, sweet and sunny, sets a-swing.

Smell the rose, sweet of sweets, all a-blowing!
Hear the cuckoo call in dreams, low and sweet!
Like a very John-a-dreams coming, going.
There's honey in the grass at our feet.

There's honey in the leaf and the blossom,
And honey in the night and the day,
And honey-sweet the heart in Love's bosom,
And honey-sweet the words Love will say.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

LIFE AMID THE GRASS

(*From "My Winter Garden"*)

HAVE you eyes to see? Then lie down on the grass, and look near enough to see something more of what is to be seen; and you will find tropic jungles in every square foot of turf; . . . dark strids, tremendous cataracts, "deep glooms and sudden glories," in every foot-broad rill which wanders through the turf. All is there for you to see, if you will but rid yourself of "that idol of space"; and Nature, as every one will tell you

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who has seen dissected an insect under the microscope, is as grand and graceful in her smallest as in her hugest forms.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AN EVENING IN MY GARDEN

(*From "The Spectator"*)

"MR. SPECTATOR,—There is hardly anything gives me a more sensible delight than the employment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such an one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates you are led into a broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into a variety of alleys and arbors, and on the left form a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as

much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

MIDSUMMER POMPS

(From "*Thyrsis*")

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day,
When garden walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms red and white of fallen May,
And chestnut-flowers, are strewn,—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vexed garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze :
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I !

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?
Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-william with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow ;

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Roses that down the alley shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A SONG

WHEN the roses blow,
Man looks for brighter hours ;
When the roses glow,
Hope relights her lampless bowers.
Much that seemed, in winter gloom,
Dark with heavy woe,
Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
When the roses blow !

When the roses blow,
Love that slept shall wake anew ;
Merrier blood shall flow
Through the springald's veins of blue.
And if sorrow wrang the heart,
Even that shall go :
Pain and mourning must depart
When the roses blow,
When the roses blow ;
Pain and mourning must depart
When the roses blow !

When the roses blow,
Look to heaven, my fainting soul :
There, in stainless show,
Spreads the veil that hides thy goal.

Not while winter breathes his blight,
Burst thy bonds below :
Let the earth look proud and bright,
Let the roses blow,
Let the roses blow.
O let earth look proud and bright,
Let the roses blow !

CONRAD WETZEL.

(*Translated by* JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

AUGUST WEATHER

DEAD heat and windless air,
And silence over all ;
Never a leaf astir,
But the ripe apples fall ;
Plums are purple-red,
Pears amber and brown ;
Thud ! in the garden-bed
Ripe apples fall down.

Air like a cider-press
With the bruised apples' scent ;
Low whistles express
Some sleepy bird's content ;
Still world and windless sky,
A mist of heat o'er all ;
Peace like a lullaby,
And the ripe apples fall.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

GILLYFLOWERS

(From "The Winter's Tale")

Perdita. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' th'
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Polixenes. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them.

. . . Here's flowers for you ;

Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IN THE GARDEN

SUMMER is dying, slowly dying—

She fades with every passing day ;
In the garden alleys she wanders, sighing,
And pauses to grieve at the sad decay.

The flowers that came with the spring's first swallow,
When March crept timidly over the hill,
And slept at noon in the sunny hollow—
The snowdrop, the crocus, the daffodil,

The lily, white for an angel to carry,
The violet, faint with its spirit-breath,
The passion-flower, and the fleeting, airy
Anemone—all have been struck by death.

Autumn the leaves is staining and strewing,
And spreading a veil o'er the landscape rare ;
The glory and gladness of summer are going,
And a feeling of sadness is in the air.

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The purple hibiscus is shrivelled and withered,
And languid lolls its furry tongue :
The burning pomegranates are ripe to be gathered ;
The grilli their last farewell have sung ;

The fading oleander is showing
Its last rose-clusters over the wall,
And the tubes of the trumpet-flower are strewing
The gravel-walks as they loosen and fall ;

The crocketed spire of the hollyhock towers,
For the sighing breeze to rock and swing ;
On its top is the last of its bell-like flowers,
For the wandering bee its knell to ring.

In their earthen vases the lemons yellow,
The sun-drunk grapes grow lucent and thin,
The pears on the sunny espalier mellow,
And the fat figs swell in their purple skin ;

The petals have dropped from the spicy carnation ;
And the heartless dahlia, formal and proud,
Like a worldly lady of lofty station,
Loveless stares at the humble crowd.

And the sunflower, too, looks boldly around her ;
While the belladonna, so wickedly fair,
Shorn of the purple flowers that crowned her,
Is telling her Borgian beads in despair.

See! by the fountain that softly bubbles,
Spilling its rain in the lichened vase,
Summer pauses!—her tender troubles
Shadowing over her pensive face.

The lizard stops on its brim to listen,
 The butterfly wavers dreamily near,
 And the dragon-flies in their green mail glisten,
 And watch her, as pausing she drops a tear—

Not as she stood in her August perfection !
 Not as she looked in the freshness of June !
 But gazing around with a tender dejection,
 And a weary face like the morning moon.

The breeze through the leafy garden quivers,
 Dying away with a sigh and moan :
 A shade o'er the darkening fountain shivers,
 And Summer, ghost-like, has vanished and gone.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last Rose of Summer,
 Left blooming alone,
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem,
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them ;

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Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away ;
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THOMAS MOORE.

TO AUTUMN

O AUTUMN, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof ; there thou mayst rest,
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance !
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

“ The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins ;
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,
Till clustering Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feathered clouds strew flowers round her head.

“The Spirits of the Air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.”
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o’er the bleak
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE GOLDEN FLOWER

WHEN Advent dawns with lessening days,
While earth awaits the angel’s hymn;
When bare as branching coral sways
In whistling winds each leafless limb;
When spring is but a spendthrift’s dream,
And summer’s wealth a wasted dower,
Nor dews nor sunshine may redeem,—
Then autumn coins his Golden Flower.

Soft was the violet’s vernal hue,
Fresh was the rose’s morning red,
Full-orbed the stately dahlia grew,—
All gone! their short-lived splendour shed.
The shadows, lengthening, stretch at noon;
The fields are stripped, the groves are dumb;
The frost-flowers greet the icy moon,—
Then blooms the bright chrysanthemum.

The stiffening turf is white with snow,
Yet still its radiant disks are seen
Where soon the hallowed morn will show
The wreath and cross of Christmas green;

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As if in autumn's dying days
It heard the heavenly song afar,
And opened all its glowing rays,
The herald lamp of Bethlehem's star.

Orphan of summer, kindly sent
To cheer the fading year's decline,
In all that pitying Heaven has lent
No fairer pledge of hope than thine.
Yes! June lies hid beneath the snow,
And winter's unborn heir shall claim
For every seed that sleeps below
A spark that kindles into flame.

Thy smile the scowl of winter braves,
Last of the bright-robed, flowery train,
Soft sighing o'er the garden graves,
"Farewell! farewell! we meet again!"
So may life's chill November bring
Hope's golden flower, the last of all,
Before we hear the angels sing
Where blossoms never fade and fall!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SONG

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;

Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers :

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death ;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

CARNATIONS IN WINTER

Your carmine flakes of bloom to-night
The fire of wintry sunsets hold ;
Again in dreams you burn to light
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it
Is bland with long ethereal days ;
The gleaming martins wheel and flit
Where breaks your sun down Orient ways.

146 THE MARCH OF THE SEASONS

There, when the gradual twilight falls,
Through quietudes of dusk afar,
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls
From hills below the first pale star.

BLISS CARMAN.

SONNET

.
. . . Never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness everywhere :
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
I meet,
Leese but their show ; their substance still
lives sweet.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A WINTER GARDEN

(From "*The Spectator*")

"I HAVE often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter-garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and

fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any of the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter-garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be everywhere met with; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. . . . It is very pleasant at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

IV

THE SINGING OF BIRDS

*He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead.*

KEATS.

*Stand there and hear
The birds' quiet singing, that tells us
What life is, so clear.*

BROWNING.

A HYMN OF PRAISE

(From "*The Gulistân*")

YESTERNIGHT, towards morning, a warbling bird stole away my reason, my patience, my strength, and my understanding. My exclamations, by chance, reached the ear of a most intimate friend. "Never," he said, "could I have believed that the voice of a bird should have such power to disturb thy intellect!"—"It is not," I replied, "befitting the condition of man, that a bird should be reciting its hymn of praise, and that I should be silent."

SA'DI.

(*Translated from the Persian.*)

"OVERHEAD THE TREE-TOPS MEET."

(From "*Pippa Passes*")

OVERHEAD the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
There was nought above me, nought below,
My childhood had not learned to know:
For, what are the voices of birds
—Ay, and of beasts,—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life begun.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A BIRD'S SONG

CHILL was the air, for yet the year was young,
Wan was the sky, the clouds were fresh with rain ;
A bird, from where his small, soft nest was hung,
Sang very joyously a tender strain.
For he had seen, near where a giant oak
Stretched out its Titan branches, strong and sure,
Close-sheltered, in a quiet moss-grown nook,
A dainty April garden bloom secure.

And there he saw the sun-born crocus, tall,
Shine out in 'broidered bravery of gold ;
The violet—no longer winter's thrall—
Begin her purple mantle to unfold.
He saw the primrose star rise palely fair
From where the mosses thickly, softly grow,
And, delicately gleaming in the air,
The snowdrop's fairy robe of green and snow.

And oh! with sudden flush of life and heat,
The grey March world for him was charmed to
May ;
And then rang out in bird-notes, fresh and sweet,
A jocund carol in the clear cold day.
He heard the soft wind whisper from the West—
The promise of the Summer's blossoming ;
And gleefully he sang from out his nest
A herald welcome to the coming Spring.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

THE CAROL OF A BIRD

(From "*The Prisoner of Chillon*")

A LIGHT broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery.

LORD BYRON.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !

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O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
 dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly with thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes
 blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

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Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

(*From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"*)

.
THE birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighbourhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song,—

.
Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew
 Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
 And when you think of this, remember, too,
 'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
 Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
 As in an idiot's brain remembered words
 Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
 Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
 Make up for the lost music, when your teams
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
 The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

.
 You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
 They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
 Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
 And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
 Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May ;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ;
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair ;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover ;

There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BLACKBIRD

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well :
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine ; the range of lawn and park :
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
 Cold February loved, is dry :
 Plenty corrupts the melody
 That made thee famous once, when young :

And in the sultry garden-squares,
 Now thy flute notes are changed to coarse,
 I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
 As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
 While yon sun prospers in the blue,
 Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
 Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

BLACKBIRDS AND CHERRIES

(*From "The Spectator"*)

"THERE is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical : as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit time. I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about

THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS 161

my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the
several little glades and alleys that I pass through."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE ORIOLE'S SECRET

To hear an oriole sing
May be a common thing,
Or only a divine.

It is not of the bird
Who sings the same, unheard,
As unto crowd.

The fashion of the ear
Attireth that it hear
In dun or fair.

So whether it be rune,
Or whether it be none,
Is of within ;

"The tune is in the tree,"
The sceptic showeth me ;
"No, sir ! In thee !"

EMILY DICKINSON.

THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS

THERE is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden-trees ;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal.

O oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cottonwood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep,
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From death and absence laugh and leap
My schoolmates to their flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdeer starts and stops
Among the driftwood on the shores.

Below, the bridge—a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun—
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Far unto alien coasts unknown.

And on those alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the stream's
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams,

Ah, nothing, nothing ! Commonest things :
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath—
It is a song the oriole sings—
And all the rest belongs to death.

But oriole, my oriole,
Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul
From simple memories such as this,

What could he tell to tempt my ear
From you ? What high thing could there be,
So tenderly and sweetly dear
As my lost boyhood is to me ?

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THE WHITE PEACOCK

HERE where the sunlight
Floodeth the garden,
Where the pomegranate
Reareth its glory
Of gorgeous blossom ;
Where the oleanders
Dream through the noon-tides ;
And, like surf o' the sea
Round cliffs of basalt,
The thick magnolias
In billowy masses
Front the sombre green of the ilexes ;
Here where the heat lies

Pale blue in the hollows,
On the fronds of the cactus,
Where pale blue the gleaming
Of fir and cypress,
With the cones upon them
Amber or glowing with virgin gold :
Here where the honey-flower
Makes the heat fragrant,
As though from the gardens
Of Gulistân,
Where the bulbul singeth
Through a mist of roses,
A breath were borne :
Here where the dream-flowers,
The cream-white poppies
Silently waver,
And where the Scirocco,
Faint in the hollows,
Foldeth his soft white wings in the sunlight,
And lieth sleeping
Deep in the heart of
A sea of white violets :
Here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty,
Moveth in silence, and dreamlike, and slowly,
White as a snow-drift in mountain valleys
When softly upon it the gold light lingers :
White as the foam of the sea that is driven
O'er billows of azure agleam with sun-yellow ;
Cream-white and soft as the breasts of a girl
Moves the White Peacock, as though through the
 noon-tide
A dream of the moonlight were real for a moment,

Dim on the beautiful fan that he spreadeth,
 Foldeth and spreadeth abroad in the sunlight,
 Dim on the cream-white are blue adumbrations,
 Shadows so pale in their delicate blueness
 That visions they seem as of vanishing violets,
 The fragrant white violets veined with azure,
 Pale, pale as the breath of blue smoke in far wood-
 lands.

Here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty,
 White as the cloud through the heats of the noon-
 tide

Moves the White Peacock.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW

AND is the swallow gone?
 Who beheld it?
 Which way sail'd it?
 Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:
 But who doth hear
 Its summer cheer
 As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
 From its surrounding clay
 It steals away
 Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither ? wherefore doth it go ?

'Tis all unknown :

We feel alone

That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

V

THE LAST AND LEAST OF THINGS

Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe?

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

I know the butterfly, the lizard, and the orchis. Are not these your countrymen?

EMILY DICKINSON.

To think that I have been friends with all these—roses and centipedes and all!

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

ALL THINGS WAIT UPON THEE

INNOCENT eyes not ours
And made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds, and insects small ;
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The last and least of things,
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As Queens and Kings.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

ARIEL'S SONG

(*From "The Tempest"*)

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A MORE ANCIENT MARINER

THE swarthy bee is a buccaneer,
A burly velveted rover,
Who loves the booming wind in his ear
As he sails the seas of clover.

A waif of the goblin pirate crew,
With not a soul to deplore him,
He steers for the open verge of blue
With the filmy world before him.

His flimsy sails abroad on the wind
Are shivered with fairy thunder;
On a line that sings to the light of his wings
He makes for the lands of wonder.

He harries the ports of the Hollyhocks,
And levies on poor Sweetbriar;
He drinks the whitest wine of Phlox,
And the Rose is his desire.

He hangs in the Willows a night and a day;
He rifles the Buckwheat patches;
Then battens his store of pelf galore
Under the tautest hatches.

He woos the Poppy, and weds the Peach,
Inveigles Daffodilly,
And then like a tramp abandons each
For the gorgeous Canada Lily.

There's not a soul in the garden world
 But wishes the day were shorter,
 When Mariner B. puts out to sea
 With the wind in the proper quarter.

Or, so they say! But I have my doubts ;
 For the flowers are only human,
 And the valour and gold of a vagrant bold
 Were always dear to woman.

He dares to boast, along the coast,
 The beauty of Highland Heather,—
 How he and she, with night on the sea,
 Lay out on the hills together.

He pilfers from every port of the wind,
 From April to golden autumn ;
 But the thieving ways of his mortal days
 Are those his mother taught him.

His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed ;
 He prospers after his kind,
 And follows an instinct, compass-sure,
 The philosophers call blind.

And that is why, when he comes to die,
 He'll have an easier sentence
 Than someone I know who thinks just so,
 And then leaves room for repentance.

He never could box the compass round ;
 He doesn't know port from starboard ;
 But he knows the gates of the Sundown Straits,
 Where the choicest goods are harboured.

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He never could see the Rule of Three,
But he knows a rule of thumb
Better than Euclid's, better than yours,
Or the teachers' yet to come.

He knows the smell of the hydromel
As if two and two were five ;
And he hides it away for a year and a day
In his own hexagonal hive.

Out in the day, hap-hazard, alone,
Booms the old vagrant hummer,
With only his whim to pilot him
Through the splendid vast of summer.

He steers and steers on the slant of the gale,
Like the fiend or Vanderdecken ;
And there's never an unknown course to sail
But his crazy log can reckon.

He drones along with his rough sea-song
And the throat of a salty tar,
This devil-may-care, till he makes his lair
By the light of a yellow star.

He looks like a gentleman, lives like a lord,
And works like a Trojan hero ;
Then loafs all winter upon his hoard,
With the mercury at zero.

BLISS CARMAN.

ODE XXXIV

OH thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect ! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee !
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear ;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain ;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere !
The Muses love thy shrilly tone ;
Apollo calls thee all his own ;
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect ! child of earth !
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth ;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away ;

With not a drop of blood to stain
 The current of thy purer vein ;
 So blest an age is passed by thee,
 Thou seemest—a little deity !

ANACREON.

(MOORE'S *translation.*)

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
 And, little Butterfly ! indeed
 I know not if you sleep or feed.
 How motionless !—not frozen seas
 More motionless ! and then
 What joy awaits you when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again !
 This plot of orchard-ground is ours ;
 My trees they are, my Sister's flowers ;
 Here rest your wings when they are weary ;
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
 Come often to us, fear no wrong ;
 Sit near us on the bough !
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
 And summer days, when we were young ;
 Sweet childish days, that were as long
 As twenty days are now.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines ;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere ;
Swimmer through the waves of air ;
Voyager of light and noon ;
Epicurean of June,—
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,

Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found ;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen ;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple-sap and daffodels,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
 And briar-roses, dwelt among ;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher !
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat ;

When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep ;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep :
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

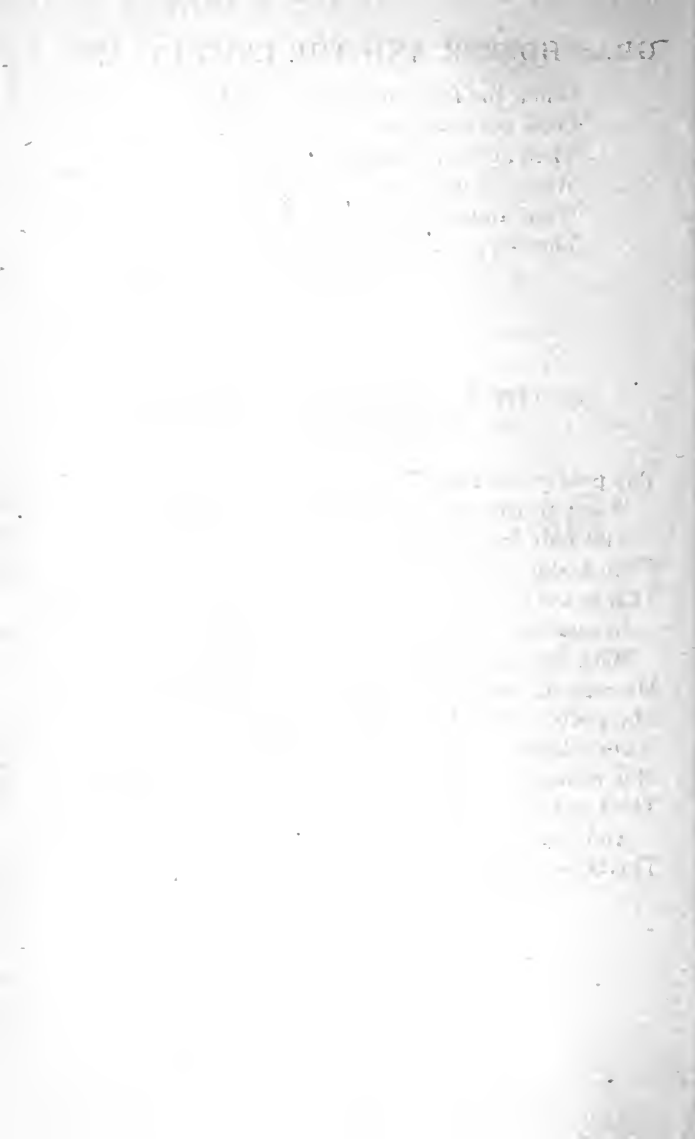
ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
 That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.



VI

THE LOVER IN THE GARDEN

*“ And lemons, citrons, dates, and oranges,
And all the fruits whose savour is most rare,
Shall shine within the shadow of your trees ;
And every one shall be a lover there.”*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

*Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love.*

JAMES THOMSON.

*O my Love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June !*

ROBERT BURNS.

TRANQUILLITY

Do you respect the heavy-lidded flowers
That nod so drowsily upon their bed?
Can you endure the slow-stepped, dreamy hours
That fall, indifferent, to gold and red?

Have you the key that opens to green arches
Where trees repeat their prayers in monotone?
Then take my hand down life's mysterious marches,
And let us walk in silence and alone.

HELEN HAY WHITNEY.

SONG FROM "MAUD"

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

.
All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

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I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay;
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the
wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near ;"
And the white rose weeps, " She is late ;"
The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear ;"
And the lily whispers, " I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE FLOWER'S NAME

HERE's the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since :
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince !
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung ;
For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box :
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by !
She loves you, noble roses, I know ;
But yonder, see, where the rock-plants lie !

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name :
What a name ! Was it love or praise ?
Speech half-asleep or song half-awake ?
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her, one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase ;

But do not detain me now ; for she lingers
 There, like sunshine over the ground,
 And ever I see her soft white fingers
 Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
 Stay as you are and be loved for ever !
 Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not :
 Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !
 For while it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
 Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
 Till round they turn and down they nestle—
 Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;
 Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;
 Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
 June's twice June since she breathed it with me ?
 Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
 Treasure my lady's lightest footfall !
 Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—
 Roses, you are not so fair after all !

ROBERT BROWNING.

“A GARDEN ENCLOSED”

A GARDEN enclosed is my sister, my spouse ; a
 spring shut up, a fountain sealed. Thy plants are
 an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits ;
 camphire, with spikenard ; spikenard and saffron ;
 calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frank-

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incense ; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices ;
a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and
streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north wind ; and
come, thou south ; blow upon my garden, that the
spices thereof may flow out. Let my belovèd come
into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

STANZA FROM OMAR KHAYYÂM

THE Breath of the early Spring in the Face of the
Rose is sweet ;
The Face of my Love in the Shade of the Garden-
close is sweet ;
Naught you can say of the Day that has faded
away is sweet ;
Be happy ! Think not of the Past, for To-day as it
glows is sweet.

From the Persian.

(Translated by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.)

CHERRY-RIPE

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of Orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow :
 Yet them no peer nor prince can buy,
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that attempt with eye or hand
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

THOMAS CAMPION.

SONG WITHOUT A SOUND

(From " With Sa'di in the Garden ")

THE Bulbul wail'd, " Oh, Rose, all night I sing,
 And Thou, Beloved ! utterest not one thing."
 " Dear Bird ! " she answer'd, " scent and blossoming
 Are music of my Song without a sound."

The Cypress to the Tulip spake : " What bliss
 Seest thou in sunshine, dancing still like this ? "
 " My cup," the Tulip said, " the wind's lips kiss ;
 Dancing I hear the Song without a sound."

The gray Owl hooted to the Dove at morn,
 " Why art thou happy on thy jungle-thorn ? "
 " Hearest thou not," she cooed, " o'er Earth's face
 borne
 This music of the Song without a sound ? "

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“Ah, Darweesh!” moan’d a King, “vainly I pray
For Allah’s comfort, kneeling day by day.”

“Sultan!” quoth he, “be meek, and hear alway
The music of His Mercy without sound.”

“Poet!” a Queen sigh’d, “why alone to thee
Come visions from that world we cannot see—
Nor great nor rich?” “I borrow minstrelsy,”

Smiling he said, “from Songs without a sound.”

Shirin-i-man! dear Lover! true and sweet,
Ask no more if I love, nor kiss my feet;
But hear, with cheek against my bosom’s beat,
The music of the Song without a sound!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE GARDENER

I

THE gardener stands in his bower-door
With a primrose in his hand,
And by there came a leal maiden
As jimp as a willow wand.

II

“O lady, can you fancy me,
For to be my bride?
Ye’se get a’ the flowers in my garden
To be to you a weed.

Leal, true; *jimp*, slender; *weed*, clothing.

III

“The lily white sall be your smock
Becomes your body best;
Your head sall be busk’d wi’ gillyflower,
And the primrose in your breast.

IV

“Your gown sall be the sweet-william,
Your coat the camovine,
Your apron a’ the salluds neat
That taste baith sweet and fine.

V

“Your stockings sall be o’ the braid kail-blade,
That is baith braid and lang;
And narrow, narrow at the cute,
And braid, braid at the brawn.

VI

“Your gloves sall be the marigold,
All glittering to your hand,
Well spread o’er wi’ the blue blaewort
That grows amang corn-land.”—

VII

“O fare ye well, young man,” she says,
“Farewell, and I bid adieu;
If you can fancy me,” she says,
“O I cannot fancy you.

Camovine, camomile; *cute*, ankle; *brawn*, calf; *blaewort*, corn bluebottle.

VIII

“Sin you’ve provided a weed for me
 Amang the summer flowers,
 Then I’se provide anither for you
 Amang the winter showers.—

IX

“The new-fa’n snaw to be your smock
 Becomes your body best ;
 An’ your head sall be wound wi’ the eastern
 wind,
 An’ the cauld rain on your breast.”

— OLD BALLAD.

SONG

(*From “Jason”*)

I KNOW a little garden close
 Set thick with lily and red rose,
 Where I would wander if I might
 From dewy dawn to dewy night,
 And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
 And though no pillared house is there,
 And though the apple-boughs are bare
 Of fruit and blossom, would to God
 Her feet upon the green grass trod,
 And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,

And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea ;
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

SONG

(From " With Sa'di in the Garden ")

ALL in a Garden fair I sate, and spied
The Tulips dancing, dancing side by side,
With scarlet turbans dressed ;
All in a Garden green at night I heard
The gladsome voice of night's melodious Bird
Singing that " Love is Best ! "

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The shy white Jasmine drew aside her veil,
Breathing faint fragrance on the loitering gale,
And nodded, nodded "Yes!

Sweetest of all sweet things is Love! and wise!
Dance, Tulip! Pipe, fond Bird, thy melodies!
Wake, Rose of Loveliness!"

"Yet," sighed the swaying Cypress, "who can tell
If Love be wise as sweet? if it be well

For Love to dance and sing?
I see—growing here always—year by year
The Bulbuls die, and on their grassy bier
Rose-petals scattering!"

All in that Garden green the Rose replied:
"Ah! Cypress, look! I put my leaves aside;
Mark what is 'mid this bush!

Three blue eggs in a closely-woven nest,
Sheltered, for music's sake, by branch and breast!
There will be Bulbuls! hush!"

All in that Garden green the Bulbul trilled,
"Oh, foolish Cypress! thinking Love was killed
Because he seemed to cease!

My best Belov'd hath secrets at her heart,
Gold seeds of summer-time, new buds to start;
There will be Roses! peace!"

Then lightlier danced the Tulips than before
To waftings of the perfumed breeze, and more
Chanted the Nightingale:

The fireflies in the palms fresh lanterns lit;
Her zone of grace the blushing Rose unknit,
And blossomed, pure and pale!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE CYPRESS TREE

(From "*Laili and Majnun*")

Wandering he reached a spot of ground,
With palmy groves and poplars crowned ;
A lively scene it was to view,
Where flowers too bloomed, of every hue ;
In wonder lost, he saw the axe applied
To fell a cypress tree—and thus he cried :
“Gardener ! did ever love thy heart control ?
Was ever woman mistress of thy soul ?
When joy has thrilled through every glowing nerve,
Hadst thou no wish that feeling to preserve ?
Does not a woman’s love delight, entrance,
And every blessing fortune yields enhance ?
Then stop that lifted hand, the stroke suspend,
Spare, spare the cypress tree, and be my friend !
And why ? Look there, and be forewarned by me,
’Tis Laili’s form, all grace and majesty ;
Wouldst thou root up resemblance so complete,
And lay its branches withering at thy feet ?
What ! Laili’s form ? no ; spare the cypress tree ;
Let it remain, still beautiful and free ;
Yes, let my prayers thy kindest feelings move,
And save the graceful shape of her I love !”
—The gardener dropped his axe, o’ercome with
shame,
And left the tree to bloom, and speak of Laili’s
fame.

NIZAMI.

(Translated from the *Persian*.)

SONG

Just like Love is yonder Rose,—
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briars it blows,
 Just like Love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
 Since rough thorns the stem invest,
 They must be gather'd with the rest,
 And with it to the heart be prest,
 Just like Love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
 They die, and they shall blossom never ;
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
 Just like Love.

LUIZ DE CAMOENS.
 (*Translation.*)

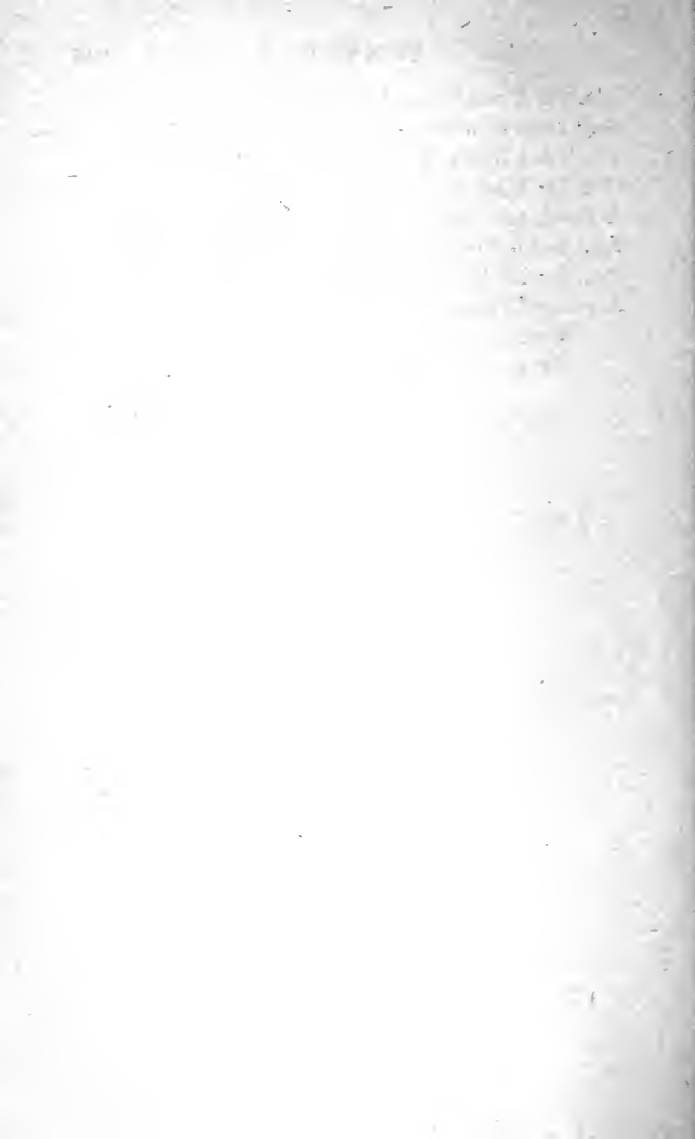
SONNET

THE forward violet thus did I chide :
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
 smells,
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;
The 'roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



VII

THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN

All through the days of childhood the garden is our fairy-ground of sweet enchantment and innocent wonder.

· “E. V. B.”

The child who is garden bred has a happier start in life, a greater love and knowledge of Nature.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

In childhood I never sowed a seed unless it was perennial—and that is why my garden lasts.

EMILY DICKINSON'S *Letters*.

“*Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?*”
“*With silver bells, and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.*”

MOTHER GOOSE.

FLOWER-LOVING PARENTS

Who, that was blessed with parents that indulged themselves and children with a flower garden, can forget the happy, innocent hours spent in its cultivation! O! who can forget those days, when to announce the appearance of a bud, or the colouring of a tulip, or the opening of a rose, or the perfection of a full-blown peony, was glory enough for one morning.

JOSEPH BRECK.

NIGHT AND DAY¹

WHEN the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall
As the rays diminish,
Under evening's cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.

¹ From *Poems and Ballads*; copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,
Child in bed, they slumber—
Glow-worm in the highway rut,
Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles ;
Till on all, the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins
Sleeping birds a-waking.

In the darkness shapes of things,
Houses, trees and hedges,
Clearer grow ; and sparrows' wings
Beat on window ledges.

These shall wake the yawning maid ;
She the door shall open—
Finding dew on garden glade
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
Green and rosy painted,
As at eve behind the pane
From my eyes it fainted.

Just as it was shut away,
Toy-like, in the even,
Here I see it glow with day
Under glowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not
Where the dew reposes,

“Up!” they cry, “the day is come
On the smiling valleys :
We have beat the morning drum ;
Playmate, join your allies !”

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FORGET-ME-NOT

(*Myosotis*)

WHEN to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came) ;
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tones,
With sweet and gentle grace,
“Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas ! I have forgot.”
Kindly the Father looked Him down
And said, “Forget-me-not.”

ANONYMOUS.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP

(From "*The Golden Age*")

THE passage was achieved, and I stood inside, safe but breathless at the sight. Gone was the brambled waste, gone the flickering terrace of shaven sward, stone-edged, urn-cornered, steeped delicately down to where the stream, now tamed and educated, passed from one to another marble basin, in which on occasion gleams of red hinted at gold-fish poised among the spreading water-lilies. The scene lay slumbrous in the brooding noonday sun: the drowsing peacock squatted humped on the lawn, no fish leaped in the pools, no bird declared himself from the trim secluding hedges. Self-confessed it was here, then, at last, the Garden of Sleep!

Two things, in those old days, I held in especial distrust: gamekeepers and gardeners. Seeing, however, no baleful apparitions of either quality, I pursued my way between rich flower-beds, in search of the necessary Princess. Conditions declared her presence patently as trumpets; without this centre such surroundings could not exist. A pavilion, gold-topped, wreathed with lush jessamine, beckoned with a special significance over close-set shrubs. There, if anywhere, She would be enshrined. Instinct, and some knowledge of the habits of Princesses, triumphed; for (indeed) there She was! In no tranced repose, however, but laughingly struggling to disengage her hand from the grasp of a grown-up man who occupied the marble bench

with her. . . . I paused, thinking it strange they should prefer seclusion when there were fish to be caught, and butterflies to hunt in the sun outside ; and as I cogitated thus, the grown-up man caught sight of me.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

FAIRIES AND CHILDREN¹

(From "*The Little White Bird*")

It is frightfully difficult to know much about the fairies, and almost the only thing known for certain is that there are fairies wherever there are children. Long ago children were forbidden the Gardens, and at that time there was not a fairy in the place ; then the children were admitted, and the fairies came trooping in that very evening. . . .

When you were a bird you knew the fairies pretty well, and you remember a good deal about them in your babyhood, which it is a great pity you can't write down, for gradually you forget, and I have heard of children who declared that they had never once seen a fairy. Very likely if they said this in the Kensington Gardens, they were standing looking at a fairy all the time. The reason they were cheated was that she pretended to be something else. This is one of their best tricks. They usually pretend to be flowers, because the court sits in the Fairies' Basin, and there are so many flowers there, and all along the Baby Walk, that a flower is the

¹ From *The Little White Bird* ; copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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thing least likely to attract attention. They dress exactly like flowers, and change with the seasons, putting on white when lilies are in and blue for blue-bells, and so on. They like crocus and hyacinth time best of all, as they are partial to a bit of colour, but tulips (except white ones, which are the fairy-cradles) they consider garish, and they sometimes put off dressing like tulips for days, so that the beginning of the tulip weeks is almost the best time to catch them.

J. M. BARRIE.

THE CHILD AND THE SUN-DIAL

(From "*The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*")

WHAT an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming co-evals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to direct its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

CHARLES LAMB.

NEPHON'S SONG

LADY and gentleman fays, come buy!
No pedlar has such a rich packet as I.

Who wants a gown
Of purple fold,
Embroider'd down
The seams with gold ?
See here !—a Tulip richly laced
To please a royal fairy's taste !

Who wants a cap
Of crimson grand ?
By great good hap
I've one on hand :
Look, sir !—a Cock's-comb, flowering red,
'Tis just the thing, sir, for your head !

Who wants a frock
Of vestal hue ?
Or snowy smock ?—
Fair maid, do you ?
O me !—a Ladysmock so white !
Your bosom's self is not more bright.

Who wants to sport
A slender limb ?
I've every sort
Of hose for him :
Both scarlet, striped, and yellow ones :
This Woodbine makes such pantaloons !

Who wants—(hush ! hush !)
A box of paint ?
'Twill give a blush
Yet leave no taint :
This rose with natural rouge is fill'd,
From its own dewy leaves distill'd,

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Then lady and gentleman fays, come buy!
You never will meet such a merchant as I!

GEORGE DARLEY.

HECTOR IN THE GARDEN

.
NINE green years had scarcely brought me
To my childhood's haunted spring :
I had life, like flowers and bees,
In betwixt the country trees ;
And the sun the pleasure taught me
Which he teacheth everything.

.
And the sun and I together
Went a-rushing out of doors :
We our tender spirits drew
Over hill and dale in view,
Glimmering hither, glimmering thither,
In the footsteps of the showers.

Underneath the chestnuts dripping,
Through the grasses wet and fair,
Straight I sought my garden-ground,
With the laurel on the mound,
And the pear-tree oversweeping
A side-shadow of green air.

In the garden lay supinely
 A huge giant wrought of spade ;
 Arms and legs were stretched at length
 In a passive giant strength,—
 The fine meadow-turf, cut finely,
 Round them laid and interlaid.

Call him Hector, son of Priam !
 Such his title and degree.
 With my rake I smoothed his brow,
 Both his cheeks I weeded through ;
 But a rhymer such as I am,
 Scarce can sing his dignity.

Eyes of gentianellas azure,
 Staring, winking at the skies ;
 Nose of gillyflowers and box ;
 Scented grasses put for locks,
 Which a little breeze at pleasure
 Set a-waving round his eyes :

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
 With a glitter toward the light ;
 Purple violets for the mouth,
 Breathing perfumes west and south ;
 And a sword of flashing lilies,
 Holden ready for the fight :

And a breastplate made of daisies,
 Closely fitting, leaf on leaf ;
 Periwinkles interlaced
 Drawn for belt about the waist ;
 While the brown bees, humming praises,
 Shot their arrows round the chief,

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And who knows (I sometimes wondered)
If the disembodied soul
Of old Hector once of Troy
Might not take a dreary joy
Here to enter—if it thundered,
Rolling up the thunder-roll?

.

It was hard to answer, often ;
But the birds sang in the tree,
But the little birds sang bold
In the pear-tree green and old,
And my terror seemed to soften
Through the courage of their glee.

Oh the birds, the tree, the ruddy
And white blossoms sleek with rain !
Oh, my garden rich with pansies !
Oh, my childhood's bright romances !
All revive, like Hector's body,
And I see them stir again.

.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AUTUMN FIRES¹

IN the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail !

¹ From *Poems and Ballads*; copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons !
Something bright in all !
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE GARDEN

I HAD a garden when a child ;
I kept it all in order ;
'Twas full of flowers as it could be,
And London-pride was its border.

And soon as came the pleasant spring,
The singing-birds built in it,—
The blackbird and the throstle-cock,
The woodlark and the linnet.

And all within my garden ran
A labyrinth-walk so mazy ;
In the middle there grew a yellow rose,
At each end a Michaelmas-daisy.

I had a bush of southern-wood,
And two of bright mezereon ;
A peony root, a snow-white phlox,
And a plant of red valerian ;

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A lilac-tree and a guelder-rose,
A broom, and a tiger-lily ;
And I walked a dozen miles to find
The true wild daffodilly.

I had columbines, both pink and blue,
And thalictrum like a feather ;
And the bright goat's-beard, that shuts its
leaves
Before a change of weather.

I had marigolds and gilliflowers,
And pinks all pinks exceeding ;
I'd a noble root of love-in-a-mist,
And plenty of love-lies-bleeding.

I had Jacob's ladder, Aaron's rod,
And the peacock-gentianella ;
I had asters more than I can tell,
And lupins blue and yellow.

I set a grain of Indian corn,
One day in an idle humour,
And the grain sprang up six feet or more,
My glory for a summer.

I found far off in the pleasant fields
More flowers than I can mention ;
I found the English asphodel,
And the spring and autumn gentian.

I found the orchis, fly and bee,
And the cistus of the mountain ;
The money-wort, and the green hart's-tongue,
Beside an old wood fountain.

I found, within another wood,
The rare pyrola blowing ;
For wherever there was a curious flower,
I was sure to find it growing.

I set them in my garden beds,
Those beds I loved so dearly,
Where I laboured after set of sun,
And in summer mornings early.

O! my pleasant garden-plot !
A shrubbery was beside it,
And an old and mossy apple-tree,
With a woodbine wreathed to hide it.

There was a bower in my garden-plot,
A spirea grew before it ;
Behind it was a laburnum-tree,
And a wild hop clambered o'er it.

Ofttimes I sat within my bower,
Like a king in all his glory ;
Ofttimes I read, and read for hours,
Some pleasant, wondrous story.

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I read of gardens in old times,—
Old stately gardens, kingly,
Where people walked in gorgeous crowds,
Or, for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain,
The noblest and the fairest ;
But still I loved my garden best,
And thought it far the rarest.

And all amongst my flowers I walked,
Like a miser 'midst his treasure ;
For that pleasant plot of garden ground
Was a world of endless pleasure.

MARY HOWITT.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

“ You think I am dead,” —
The apple-tree said,
“ Because I have never a leaf to show ;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull grey mosses over me grow.
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot ;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root.”

“ You think I am dead,”
The quick grass said,

“ Because I have parted with stem and blade !
 But under the ground
 I am safe and sound,
With the snow’s thick blanket over me laid.
I’m all alive and ready to shoot,
 Should the spring of the year
 Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

 “ You think I am dead,”
 A soft voice said,
“ Because not a branch or a root I own !
 I never have died,
 But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours,
 You will see me again—
 I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.”

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE FLOWERS¹

ALL the names I know from nurse :
Gardener’s garters, Shepherd’s purse,
Bachelor’s buttons, Lady’s smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,

¹ From *Poems and Ballads*; copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

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Tiny trees for tiny dames—
These must all be fairy names !

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house ;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb !

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these ;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SWEET, RED ROSE

“ Good morrow, little rose-bush,
Now prythee, tell me true :
To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose
What must a body do ? ”

“ To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose
A little girl like you
Just grows and grows and grows and grows—
And that's what she must do.”

MARY MAPES DODGE.

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT¹

BUTTERCUP, Poppy, Forget-me-not—

These three bloomed in a garden spot ;

And once, all merry with song and play,

A little one heard three voices say :

“ Shine and shadow, summer and spring,

O thou child with the tangled hair

And laughing eyes ! we three shall bring

Each an offering passing fair.”

The little one did not understand,

But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gambolled all day long,

Sharing the little one's mirth and song ;

Then, stealing along on misty gleams,

Poppy came bearing the sweetest dreams.

Praying and dreaming—and that was all

Till once a sleeper would not awake ;

Kissing the little face under the pall,

We thought of the words the third flower
spake ;

And we found betimes in a hallowed spot

The solace and peace of Forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,

Glinting with gold the hours of play ;

Bringeth the Poppy sweet repose,

When the hands would fold and the eyes would
close ;

¹ From *With Trumpet and Drum* ; copyright, 1892, by
Mary French Field ; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep
A new flower bringeth God's peace again.
Each one serveth its tender lot—
Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not.

EUGENE FIELD.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
 Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
 And filling it up.

Little white Lily
 Said, "Good again—
When I am thirsty
 To have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger;
 Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
 My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
 Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
 Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
 Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
 Is happy again!"

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE GARDENER¹

THE gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

¹ From *Poems and Ballads*; copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these summer days,
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VIII
OF THE DAYS GONE BY

*In yon once gay garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the Rose, which late bloom'd in the way.*

BYRON.

*And all day long a bird sings there,
And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at times ;
The place is silent and aware ;
It has had its scenes, its joys, its crimes,
But that is its own affair.*

BROWNING.

THE DESERTED GARDEN

I MIND me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun,
With childish bounds I used to run
 To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanished quite ;
And wheresoe'er had struck the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature laid,
 To sanctify her right.

I called the place my wilderness ;
For no one entered there but I.
The sheep looked in, the grass to espy,
 And passed it ne'ertheless.

The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
 But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me !
I crept beneath the boughs and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
 Beneath a poplar tree.

Old garden roses hedged it in,
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
And careless to be seen.

Long years ago, it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all,—

Some Lady, stately overmuch,
Here moving with a silken noise,
Has blushed beside them at the voice
That likened her to such.

Or these, to make a diadem,
She often may have plucked and twined ;
Half-smiling as it came to mind,
That few would look at *them*.

Oh, little thought that Lady proud,
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
And silk was changed for shroud !

Nor thought that gardener (full of scorn
For men unlearn'd and simple phrase)
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns !

To me upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet.

It did not move my grief, to see
The trace of human step departed.
Because the garden was deserted,
The blither place for me !

Friends, blame me not ! a narrow ken
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and sward :
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then.

And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall :
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

Nor he nor I did e'er incline
To peck or pluck the blossoms white—
How should I know but that they might
Lead lives as glad as mine ?

To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring,—
And cresses glossy wet.

And so, I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To "gentle hermit of the dale,"
And Angelina too.

For oft I read within my nook
Such minstrel stories ! till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—
And then I shut the book.

If I shut this wherein I write,
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees,—nor feel that childish heart
Delighting in delight.

My childhood from my life is parted,
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fairy circle round : anew
The garden is deserted.

Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are ;
No more for me !—myself afar
Do sing a sadder verse.

Ah me, ah me ! when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laugh'd unto myself and thought,
“The time will pass away.”

And still I laugh'd, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was passed away
The childish time, some happier play
My womanhood would cheer.

I knew the time would pass away ;
And yet, beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God, how seldom, if at all
Did I look up to pray !

The time is past :—and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose,—

When wiser, meeker thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Reminded how earth's greenest place
The colour draws from heaven ;—

It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for Heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and
lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves
of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the 'strange guest's
hand ?
So long have the grey bare walls lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

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The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken ;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain ;
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not ;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are
dry ;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale
calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither,
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song.
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sear, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look
thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers
to the sea ;

For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms
wither,

And men that love lightly may die—But we? ”
And the same wind sang, and the same waves
whitened,

And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went
whither?

And were one to the end—but what end who
knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love
them?

What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons here-
after,
Or the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or
weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and
laughter
We shall sleep.

228 OF THE DAYS GONE BY

Here death may deal not again forever ;

Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up
never,

Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall be ;
Till a last wind's breath, upon all these blowing,
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise, and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides
humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand
spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

“AS WANDERING, I FOUND”

As wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One Rose of the Wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been :
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild, in the silence of nature it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lovely embrace ;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart;
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart;
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
bright,
In the days of delusion, by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

PAST AND PRESENT

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven,
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE OLD GARDEN

.
CLOSED on three sides by crumbling walls of brick,
All spotted by slow-creeping lichen stains,
And nearly hid by ivy, matted thick,
And dim with clinging mists of years of rains,
The garden lies.

.
When all outside is vexed by summer rains,
Whose dash and rush will bend the stateliest rose,
And blur the street with dull and tearful stains,
The freshened garden but the brighter glows ;

The swaying flowers lift their sweet, wet eyes,
And burst of perfume fills the shining air,
The drenched and dreary street feels vague surprise
At the strange fragrance overflowing there.

.

Inside the walls, the tall ailanthus' shade
Is tangled in the meshes of the grass,
Or flecks the path, whose mossy flags were laid
For childish feet, long since grown old, to pass ;
Between the stones, the scarlet pimpernel
Finds room to spread its thread-like roots and
grow ; .

And all self-sown the portulaca's bell
Lights up the ground with tender, rosy glow.
The walls are hedged with dusky green of box,
That once enclosed long borders, trim and neat ;
Within them stood great clumps of snowy phlox,
That shone at dusk, and grew more deeply sweet.
But now the phlox wild morning-glories seek,
Whose silky blossoms rove the garden through,
And press pure faces 'gainst the thistle's cheek,
Or star-like gleam amid the grass and dew—
A thousand pushing weeds the borders hold,
And standing with them, wild and rank as they,
Are tender blossoms, now grown over-bold,
And careless of the garden's slow decay.
Oh, far away, in some serener air,
The eyes that loved them see a heavenly dawn :
How can they bloom without her tender care ?
Why should they live, when her sweet life is
gone ?

Still from the far-off pastures comes the bee,
 And swings all day inside the hollyhock,
 Or steals her honey from the winged sweet-pea,
 Or the striped glory of the four-o'clock ;
 The pale sweet-william, ringed with pink and
 white,

Grows yet within the damp shade of the wall ;
 And there the primrose stands, that as the night
 Begins to gather, and the dews to fall,
 Flings wide to circling moths her twisted buds,
 That shine like yellow moons with pale, cold
 glow,

And all the air her heavy fragrance floods,
 And gives largess to any winds that blow.
 Here, in warm darkness of a night in June,
 While rhythmic pulses of the factory's flame
 Lighted with sudden flare of red the gloom,
 And deepened long black shadows, children came
 To watch the primrose blow !

Silent they stood,
 Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush around,
 And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood
 And blossom—with a silken burst of sound !

Once more I listen for the trembling chime
 From purple-throated Canterbury bell ;
 For surely, in that far-off golden time,
 Strange fragrant music from it softly fell.
 Beneath the lilacs, in whose heart-shaped leaves
 The dust has settled and white stains of mould,
 The money-vine with clinging myrtle weaves
 A thick dark carpet, starred with blue and gold.

A wedge of vivid blue the larkspur shines
From out the thorny heart of the sweetbriar,
And at its side are velvet brandy-wines,
Shadowed by honeysuckles' fringe of fire.
On the long grass, where still the drops of dew
Are threaded like a necklace for the dawn,
The flaming poppies their soft petals strew,
Then stand and shiver, all their brav'ry gone.
Each crumpled, crêpe-like leaf is soft as silk ;
Long, long ago the children saw them there,
Scarlet and rose, with fringes white as milk,
And called them "shawls for fairies' dainty wear !"
They were not finer, those laid safe away
In that low attic, 'neath the brown, warm eaves,
Where yellow sunshine on the rafters lay,
Or danced with shadows of the outside leaves—
The scent of cedarn chest in each soft fold,
And ling'ring sweetness of dried lavender,
Or pale-pressed rose-leaves.

Still the grape-vines hold
The leaning arbour, where the leaves scarce stir,
In cool green darkness that shuts out the sky ;
For, if a sunbeam wandered there, 't was lost,
Or flitted like a golden butterfly
Across the ceiling that the fruit embossed.
'Neath it the path was worn and mossy green,
And here, on long, still, Sunday afternoons,
The garden hidden by the leafy screen,
A child could walk, crooning to low, strange
tunes,
Her catechism, or the evening hymn ;

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But ever gazing with a wistful eye,
From out the quiet of the arbour dim,
At the bright garden, Sunday did deny.
The house is empty of the old, sweet life;
The outside world long since has claimed the child,
And gone forever from its bitter strife
The gentle face that always on her smiled.
Yet, though untended, still the garden glows,
And 'gainst its walls the city's heart still beats,
And out from it each summer wind that blows
Carries some sweetness to the tired streets!

MARGARET DELAND.

IX

SOME FAMOUS GARDENS

*Show me your garden, provided it be your own, and I will
tell you what you are like.*

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*I know her own rose-garden,
And mean to linger in it.*

TENNYSON.

MIRACULOUS PLANTS

(From "*Picciola*")

HE called to mind all the miraculous plants recorded from the earliest times by poet or historian,—the holly of Homer, the palm-tree of Latona, the oak of Odin; nay, even the golden herb which shines before the eyes of the ignorant peasants of Britany, and the Mayflower which preserves from evil thoughts the simple shepherdesses of La Brie. He recollected the sacred fig-tree of the Romans, the olive of the Athenians, the Teutatés of the Celts, the vervain of the Gauls, the lotus of the Greeks, the beans of the Pythagoreans, the mandrake of the Hebrews. He remembered the blue campac which blossoms everlastingly in the Persian's Paradise; the touba-tree which overshadows the celestial throne of Mahomet; the magic camalata, the sacred amreet on whose branches the Indians behold imaginary fruits of Ambrosia and of voluptuous enjoyment. He recurred with pleasure to the symbolical worship of the Japanese, who elevate the altars of their divinities on pedestals of heliotropes and water-lilies, assigning the throne of Love himself to the corolla of a nenuphar. He admired the religious

scruples of the Siamese, which make it sacrilege to exterminate or even mutilate certain consecrated shrubs.

X. B. SAINTINE.
(*Translated.*)

THE GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES

(*From "The Gardens of Epicurus"*)

WHAT the Gardens of the Hesperides were, we have little or no account, further than the mention of them, and thereby the testimony of their having been in use and request, in such remoteness of place, and Antiquity of Time.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON

Semiramis is the first we are told of in Story, that brought gardens in use through her Empire, and was so fond of them, as to make one wherever she built, and in all, or most of the Provinces she subdued, which are said to have been from *Babylon* as far as *India*. The *Assyrian* Kings continued this Custom and Care, or rather this Pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller or more regular Gardens: For having married a Wife he was fond of, out of one of the Provinces, where such Paradises or Gardens were much in use, and the Country Lady not well bearing the Air or Inclosure of the Palace in *Babylon* to which the *Assyrian* Kings used to confine themselves; he made her Gardens, not only within the Palaces, but upon Terraces raised with

Earth, over the arched Roofs, and even upon the top of the highest Tower, planted them with all sorts of Fruit-Trees, as well as other Plants and Flowers, the most pleasant of that Country, and thereby made at least the most airy Gardens, as well as the most costly, that have been heard of in the World.

THE GARDENS OF KING SOLOMON

THE next Gardens we read of, are those of *Solomon*, planted with all sorts of Fruit-Trees, and watered with Fountains; and though we have no more particular description of them, yet we may find, they were the places where he passed the times of his Leisure and Delight, where the Houses as well as Grounds, were adorned with all that could be pleasing and elegant, and were the Retreats and Entertainments of those among his Wives that he loved the best; and it is not impossible that the Paradises mentioned by *Strabo*, were planted by this great and wisest King. But the Idea of the Garden must be very great, if it answers at all to that of the Gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his Care and of his Study, as well as of his Leisure and Thought in these Entertainments, since he writ of all Plants, from the Cedar to the Shrub.

THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE GARDEN

Epicurus passed his Life wholly in his Garden; there he Studied, there he Exercised, there he taught his

Philosophy; and indeed no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much, to both the Tranquility of Mind, and Indolence of Body, which he made his Chief Ends. The Sweetness of Air, the Pleasantness of Smells, the Verdure of Plants, the Cleanness and Lightness of Food, the Exercises of working or walking, but above all, the Exemption from Cares and Sollicitude, seem equally to favour and improve, both Contemplation and Health, the Enjoyment of Sense and Imagination, and thereby the Quiet and Ease both of the Body and Mind.

THE GARDEN OF ALCINOUS

THE Garden of *Alcinous*, described by *Homer*, seems wholly Poetical, and made at the pleasure of the Painter, like the rest of the Romantick Palace, in that little barren island of *Phæacia* or *Corfu*. Yet as all the pieces of this transcendent Genius, are composed with excellent knowledge, as well as fancy; so they seldom fail of Instruction as well as Delight, to all that read him. The Seat of this Garden, joining to the Gates of the Palace, the compass of the Inclosure, being four Acres, the tall Trees of shade, as well as those of fruit, the two Fountains, the continual succession of fruits throughout the whole Year, are, for aught I know, the best Rules or Provisions, that can go towards composing the best Gardens.

A MODERN HESPERIDES

THE Picture I have met with in some relations of a Garden made by a Dutch Governor of their Colony, upon the Cape de *Ruen Esperance* is admirable, and described to be of an Oblong Figure, very large Extent, and divided into four Quarters by long and cross Walks, ranged with all sorts of Orange-Trees, Fruits, Lemmons, Limes, and Citrons; each of these four Quarters is planted with the Trees, Fruits, Flowers, and Plants that are native and proper to each of the four parts of the World; so, as in this one Inclosure are to be found the several Gardens of *Europe, Asia, Africk, and America*. There could not be in my mind, a greater thought of a Gardener, nor a nobler Idea of a Garden, nor better suited or chosen for the Climat, which is about Thirty Degrees, and may pass for the *Hesperides* of our Age, whatever or wherever the other was.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE IMPERIAL GARDENS AT PEKIN

(From "A Particular Account of the Emperor of
China's Gardens")

As for the Pleasure-houses, they are really charming. They stand in a vast Compass of Ground. They have raised Hills, from 20 to 60 Foot high; which form a great Number of little Valleys between them. The Bottoms of these Valleys are water'd with clear Streams; which run on till they join

together, and form larger Pieces of Water and Lakes. They pass these Streams, Lakes, and Rivers, in beautiful and magnificent Boats. In each of these Valleys, there are Houses about the Banks of the Water; very well disposed: with their different Courts, open and close Porticos, Parterres, Gardens, and Cascades.

They go from one of the Valleys to another, not by formal straight Walks as in Europe; but by various Turnings and Windings, adorn'd on the Sides with little Pavilions and charming Grottos: and each of these Valleys is diversify'd from all the rest, both by their manner of laying out the Ground, and in Structure and Disposition of its Buildings.

All the Risings and Hills are sprinkled with Trees; and particularly with Flowering-trees, which are here very common. The Sides of the Canals, or lesser Streams, are not faced (as they are with us) with smooth Stone, and in a Straight Line; but look rude and rustic, with different Pieces of Rock, some of which jut out, and others recede inwards; and are placed with so much Art, that you would take it to be the Work of Nature. In some Parts the Water is wide, in others narrow; here it serpentizes, and there spreads away, as if it was really push'd off by the Hills and Rocks. The Banks are sprinkled with Flowers; which rise up even thro' the Hollows in the Rock-work, as if they had been produced there naturally. They have a great Variety of them, for every Season of the Year.

On your Entrance into each Valley, you see its

Buildings before you. . . . You go up to them, not by regular Stone Steps, but by a rough Sort of Rock-work; form'd as if there had been so many Steps produced there by Nature. . . . Every Valley, as I told you before, has its Pleasure-house. . . . And how many of these Places do you think there may be, in all the Valleys of the Inclosure? There are'above 200 of them: without reckoning as many other Houses for the Eunuchs. . . .

The whole Inclosure is called, *Yven-ming Yven*, The Garden of Gardens; or The Garden, by way of Eminence. It is not the only one that belongs to the Emperor; he has Three others, of the same Kind: but none of them so large, or so beautiful, as this. In one of these lives the Empress his Mother, and all her Court. It was built by the Emperor's Grandfather, Cang-hy; and is called *Tchang Tchun Yven*, or The Garden of Perpetual Spring.

F. ATTIRET.

(Translated by JOSEPH SPENCE.)

THE GARDEN OF IREM

- I

HAVE you seen the Garden of Irem?
 No mortal knoweth the road thereto.
 Find me a path in the mists that gather
 When the sunbeams scatter the morning-dew,
 And I will lead you thither.
 Give me a key to the halls of the sun
 When he goes behind the purple sea,

Or a wand to open the vaults that run
 Down to the afrite-guarded treasures,
 And I will open its doors to thee.
 Who hath tasted its countless pleasures ?
 Who hath breathed, in its winds of spice,
 Raptures deeper than Paradise ?
 Who hath trodden its ivory floors,
 Where the fount drops pearls from a golden shell,
 And heard the hinges of diamond doors
 Swing to the music of Israfel ?
 Its roses blossom, its palms arise,
 By the phantom stream that flows so fair
 Under the Desert's burning skies.
 Can you reach that flood, can you drink its tide,
 Can you swim its waves to the farther side,
 Your feet may enter there.

II

I have seen the Garden of Irem.
 I found it, but I sought it not :
 Without a path, without a guide,
 I found the enchanted spot :
 Without a key its golden gate stood wide.
 I was young and strong and bold and free
 As the milk-white foal of the Nedjidee,
 And the blood in my veins was like sap of the vine,
 That stirs, and mounts, and will not stop
 Till the breathing blossoms that bring the wine
 Have drained its balm to the last sweet drop.
 Lance and barb were all I knew,
 Till deep in the Desert the spot I found,
 Mine were the pearl and ivory floors,

Mine the music of diamond doors,
Turning each on a newer glory :
Mine were the roses whose bloom outran
The spring-time beauty of Gulistân,
And the fabulous flowers of Persian story.
Mine were the palms of silver stems,
And blazing emerald for diadems ;
The fretted arch and the gossamer wreath,
So light and frail you feared to breathe ;
Yet o'er them rested the pendant spars
Of domes bespangled with silver stars,
And crusted gems of rare adorning :
And ever higher, like a shaft of fire,
The lessening links of the golden spire
Flamed in the myriad-coloured morning.

Like one who lies on the marble lip
Of the blessed bath in a tranquil rest,
And stirs not even a finger's tip
Lest the beatific dream should slip,
So did I lie in Irem's breast.
Sweeter than Life and stronger than Death
Was every draught of that blissful breath ;
Warmer than summer came its glow
To the youthful heart in a mighty flood,
And sent its bold and generous blood
To water the world in its onward flow.
There, where the Garden of Irem lies,
Are the roots of the Tree of Paradise,
And happy are they who sit below,
When into this world of Strife and Death
The blossoms are shaken by Allah's breath.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THEOPHRASTUS IN HIS GARDEN

(From "*Gleanings on Gardens*")

THEOPHRASTUS, who died at the age of eighty-five (though some historians say he wrote his *Characters* when eighty-nine), and whose name was so celebrated throughout Greece, that he had at one time two thousand pupils, lived entirely in his gardens at Athens, to which he was so devoted that, in his will, he left it to some particular friends to study in, and *for the repose of his bones*; giving orders therein for embellishing the walks, and for the continuation of his old faithful gardener, for whom he had before made a good provision.

S. FELTON.

THE GARDENS OF DAMASCUS

THE gardens and orchards, which have been so long and so justly celebrated, encompass the city, and extend on both sides of the Barada some miles eastward. They cover an area at least twenty-five miles in circuit, and make the environs an earthly paradise. The varied tints of the foliage, and of the blossoms and fruit in their season, greatly enhance the beauty of the picture. The sombre hue of the olive and the deep green of the walnut are finely relieved by the lighter shade of the apricot, the silvery sheen of the poplar, and the purple tint of the pomegranate; while lofty, cone-like cypresses appear at intervals, and a few

palm-trees here and there raise up their graceful heads. . . .

It is not because the meandering paths are kept with taste and care, or laid down with mathematical precision, that one admires these gardens; and neither is it because the banks of the river are trimmed with all the precision of rug-work, or that rustic seats and rose-wreathed bowers are found in every spot where indolence or luxury would wish for them. There is more of nature and less of art here than in the wilderness pleasure-grounds of the Far West. There are miles of shade along the brink of the lazy stream. The noble trees around stretch out their giant arms, or shoot up their stately heads, unrestrained by human care. Here the air is cool and fresh amid the hottest days of summer; and were it not that in the coolest breezes is wafted the poison of the burning fever, this might well be regarded as an earthly paradise.

J. L. PORTER.

PLINY'S "HIPPODROME"

(From a Letter to his friend Apollinaris)

THE hippodrome extends its length before this agreeably disposed range of building, entirely open in the middle, so that the eye on the first entrance sees the whole. It is surrounded by plane-trees, which are clothed with ivy, so that while their tops flourish in their own, their bodies are decked in borrowed verdure; the ivy thus wanders over the

trunks and branches, and by passing from one plane-tree to another unites the neighbours together. Between these plane-trees, box-trees are interposed, and the laurel stationed behind the box, adds its shade to that of the planes. This plantation forming the straight boundary on each side of the hippodrome, or great garden walk, ends in a semicircle, is varied in form; this part is surrounded and sheltered with cypress trees which cast round a dark and solemn shade; while the day breaks in upon the interior circular walks, which are numerous.

You are regaled at this spot with the fragrance of roses, while you find the coldness of the shade agreeably tempered and corrected by the warmth of the sun. Having passed through these winding walks, you re-enter the walk with its straight enclosure, but not to this only, for many ways branch out from it, divided by box-hedges. Here you have a little meadow, and here the box is cut into a thousand different forms; sometimes into letters expressing the name of the owner, sometimes that of the artificer. In some places are little pillars, intermingled alternately with fruit-trees; when on a sudden while you are gazing on these objects of elegant workmanship, your view is opened on an imitation of natural scenery, in the middle of which is a group of dwarf plane-trees.

Beyond these there commences a walk, abounding in the smooth and flexible acanthus, and trees cut into a variety of figures and names; at the upper end of which is a seat of white marble, over-

spread with vines, which are supported by four small Carystian pillars. From this seat the water issues through little pipes, as if pressed out by the persons sitting upon it; and first falling into a stone reservoir, is received by a polished marble basin, its descent being secretly so managed as always to keep the basin full, without running over. . . .

In many places there are seats of marble, which . . . offer a great relief and accommodation to such as are fatigued with walking.

Near each seat is a little fountain. And throughout the whole hippodrome, rivulets run murmuring along, conducted by pipes, and taking whatever turn the hand of art may give them; and by these the different green plots are severally refreshed, and sometimes the whole together.

THE GARDENS OF GRANADA

(From "*The Conquest of Granada*")

THE glory of the city was its vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains, and was proudly compared to the famous plain of Damascus. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed, they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of

wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, the pomegranate, with great plantations of mulberry trees, from which was produced the finest silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree; the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasant's cottage, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to be situated in that part of heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE GARDEN OF MARIUS

(From "The Whole Art of Husbandry")

EPICURE is reported to be the first that euer deuised gardens in Athens, before his time it was not seene, that the pleasures of the countrie were had in the citie. Now when Thrasybulus trauailing in the affayres of his prince, chaunced to come to the house of Marius, and carried by him into a garden that he had, which was very beautifull, being led about among the sweet smelling flowres, and under the pleasant arbours, what a goodly sight (quoth Thrasybulus) is heere. How excellently haue you garnished this Paradise of yours with all kinds of

pleasures. Your parlors and your banquetting houses both within and without, are all bedecked with pictures of beautiful flowres and trees, that you may not onley feede your eyes with the beholding of the true and liuely flowre, but also delight your selfe with the counterfait in the midst of winter, seeing in the one, the painted flowre to contend in beauty with the very flowre: in the other, the wonderfull worke of nature, and in both, the passing goodness of God. Moreouer, your pleasant arbours to walk in, whose shaddowes keepe off the heate of the sunne, and if it fortune to raine, the cloisters are hard by. But especially this little riuer, with most cleere water, encompassing the garden, doth wonderfully set it forth, and herewithall the greene and goodly quickset hedges.

BARNABY GOOGE.

THE GARDEN OF THE TAJ-MAHAL

(*From "With Sa'di in the Garden"*)

.
 THROUGH the vaulted door, opens to sight
 A glorious garden—green, for ever green,
 Since hither comes no harsh nor biting time
 To strip the buds, but, all the warm year through,
 The palms rise feathered, and the pipal-boughs
 Whisper men's doings to the listening gods
 With watchful leaves; citrons and rose-apples
 Keep their bright blossoms and their jewelled fruits,
 And broad bananas flaunt their silken flags.

The spacious Pleasaunce shows on either hand
Dark verdant banks of various foliage—
Cooling the eyes and quieting the heart—
With parterres interspersed, and rose-thickets,
And sheets of fiery Indian marigolds,
Moon-flowers, and shell-flowers; crimson panoply
Of the silk-cottons, and soft lilac light
Where sunbeams sift through Bougainvilliers;
Pink oleander-sprays you mark, fig-blooms,
Stars of the champak, tulip-cups, and spikes
Of silver-studded aloes, with red gold
Of peacock-bushes, and fair deadly bells
Of white datura. What most holds the eye,
Leading it onward towards the sight of sights,
Is yon black avenue of thuja-trees
With cypress intermixed, ranged, all the way,
On either border of the broad paved path,
Like sentinels of honour. From the gate
Straight to the threshold of the Taj-Mahal
Those trees of mourning marshall you! Between
Gleams the paved way, laid smooth in slabs of white
River-like running through the banks of green;
And, on this middle pavement—all its length—
Wan water lies entanked, its crystal face
Rippled with gliding fish, and lotus-leaves
By the wind rocked, and rain of fountain-drops;
For—all its length—jets of thin silver dart
Into the Blue, and sparkle back to the Blue
Reflected in those marble-margined pools.
Led thus by sombre cypresses, and lines
Of dancing water-jets, and liliated tanks,
And glistening garden-causeway, the gaze lights

On that great Tomb, rising prodigious, still,
 Matchless, perfect in form, a miracle
 Of grace, and tenderness, and symmetry,
 Pearl-pure against the sapphire of the sky!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES

ON one side stretches that vast and sumptuous pile,¹ seen to its fullest extent, with the various flower gardens, fountains, statues, &c., on the noble terrace by which it is bounded. In the opposite direction the eye embraces a great portion of the beautiful gardens, once esteemed the finest in the world, and which, though not in accordance with the fashion of the present day, display a richness of fancy and a variety of design that cannot fail to excite admiration; raised terraces, stately avenues of clipped trees, noble fountains, fine jets of water, gleaming statues . . . and rows of ancient orange trees, bordering smooth gravel walks, and verdant lawns, are seen in every direction—a “concentration of elegance, a paradise of dainty devices, where the imagination is spell-bound.”

ROBERT BURFORD.

¹ The palace of Louis XIV.

SONG OF THE SEA BY THE ROYAL
GARDEN AT NAPLES

I HAVE sung for ages to and fro ;
I have striven in vain to reach thy feet,
O Garden of joy ! whose walls are low,
And odours are so sweet.

I palpitate with fitful love ;
I sigh and sing with changing breath ;
I raise my hands to heaven above,
I smite my shores beneath !

In vain, in vain ! while far and fine,
To curb the madness of my sweep,
Runs the white limit of a line
I may not overleap.

Once thou wert sleeping on my breast,
Till fiery Titans lifted thee
From the fair silence of thy rest,
Out of the loving sea.

And I swing eternal to and fro ;
I strive in vain to reach thy feet,
O Garden of joy ! whose walls are low,
And odours are so sweet !

ROSSITER, W. RAYMOND.

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FLOWERS

(From "*Picciola*")

JOSEPHINE¹ herself was an almost idolatrous lover of flowers. . . . At Malmaison she reigned despotic over thousands of beauteous subjects collected from all quarters of the globe. She knew them face by face, name by name; was fond of disposing them in classes, castes, or regiments; and when some fresh subject presented itself for the first time at her levee, she was able to interrogate the new-comer, so as to ascertain his family and connections, and assign him an appropriate station in the community of which every brigade had its banner, and every banner a fitting standard-bearer.

Following the example of Napoleon, she respected the laws and customs of those she rendered tributary. Plants of all countries found their native soil and climate restored to them by her providence. Malmaison was a world in miniature, within whose circumscribed limits were to be found rocks and savannahs, the soil of virgin forests and the sand of the desert, banks of marl or clay, lakes, cascades, and strands liable to inundation. From the heat of a tropical climate you might fly to the refreshing coolness of the temperate zone; and in these varied specimens of atmosphere and soil flourished, side by side, the various races of vegetative kind, divided only by green edges or an intrenchment of glass windows.

¹ Wife of Napoleon I.

When Josephine held her field-days at Malmaison, the review was indeed calculated to excite the tenderest associations. First in the ranks was the hydrangea, which had recently borrowed from her charming daughter its French name of *Hortensia*. Glory too found its reminiscences there as well as maternal affection. Following the victories of Bonaparte, she contrived to reap her share in the plunder of conquered countries; and Italy and Egypt paid tribute to her triumphant parterres. Blooming in resplendent union at Malmaison were the soldanella of the Alps, the violet of Parma, the adonis of Castiglione, the carnation of Lodi, the willow and plane of Syria, the cross of Malta, the water-lily of the Nile, the hibiscus of Palestine, the rose of Damietta. Such were the conquests of Josephine; and of these, at least, France still retains the benefits!

X. B. SAINTINE.
(*Translated.*)

THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES

I FINISHED this day with a walk in the garden of the Tuileries, rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, the other of mulberries; and the labyrinth of cypresses; not omitting the noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fish-ponds, and an aviary; but, above all, the artificial echo, redoubling the words so distinctly; and, as it is never without some fair nymph

singing to its grateful returns ; standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from clouds ; at another, as if it was underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accurateness as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a Paradise.

JOHN EVELYN.

THE GARDENS OF THE GENERALIFE

(*From "The Alhambra"*)

HIGH above the Alhambra, on the breast of the mountain, amidst embowered gardens and stately terraces, rise the lofty towers and white walls of the Generalife ; a fairy palace, full of storied recollections. Here are still to be seen the famous cypresses of enormous size which flourished in the time of the Moors, and which tradition has connected with the fabulous story of Boabdil and his sultana. . . .

Here is everything to delight a southern voluptuary : fruits, flowers, fragrance, green arbours and myrtle hedges, delicate air and gushing waters. Here I had an opportunity of witnessing those scenes which painters are fond of depicting about southern palaces and gardens. It was the saint's day of the count's daughter, and she had brought up several of her youthful companions from Granada, to sport away a long summer's day among the breezy halls and bowers of the Moorish palaces. A visit to the Generalife was the morning's enter-

tainment. Here some of the gay company dispersed itself into groups about the green walks, the bright fountains, the flights of Italian steps, the noble terraces and marble balustrades. Others, among whom I was one, took their seats in an open gallery or colonnade commanding a vast prospect; with the Alhambra, the city, and the Vega far below, and the distant horizon of mountains—a dreamy world, all glimmering to the eye in summer sunshine.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Dr. Donne. I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies on the side of a hill (upon which the house stands), but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden. The great parlour opens into the middle of a terras gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with

standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees, out of flower and fruit.

From this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned by two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters.

At the end of the terras-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters, open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terrasses covered with lead, and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terras-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles, or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been in as much vogue as it is now.

From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps, flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them (covered with lead, and flat) into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees, ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady. The walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shee-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with

the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side of the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, very shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

IN DOVE COTTAGE GARDEN

ON the terrace lies the sunlight,
 Fretted by the shade
 Of the wilding apple-orchard
 Wordsworth made.

Sunlight falls upon the aspen,
 And the cedar glows
 Like the laurel or the climbing
 Christmas rose.

Downward through green-golden windows
 Let your glances fall;
 You'd not guess there was a cottage
 There at all.

Vines of bryony and bramble
 Overhang the green
 Of the crowding scarlet-runner
 And the bean.

But I marked one quiet casement
 Ivy-covered still.
 There he sat, I think, and loved this
 Little hill;

Loved the rocky stair that led him
 Upward to the seat
 Coleridge fashioned; loved the fragrant,
 High retreat

In the wood above the garden.
 There he walked, and there
 In his heart the beauty gathered
 To a prayer.

Looking down into the garden,
 I can seem to see,
 In among her Christmas roses,
 Dorothy.

Deeper joy and truer service,
 Fuller draught of life,
 Came, I doubt not, to the sister
 And the wife.

And one patient robin-redbreast,
 Waiting, waiting long,
 Seals the twilight in the garden
 With a song.

PHILIP H. SAVAGE.

OXFORD GARDENS

(From "*Star Papers*")

I WAS even more delighted with the grounds and walks, than with the twilight seclusion of the cloistered rooms. I sat down in the recess of a window, in one of the students' rooms, and looked out into an exquisite nook, with a large mound, not unlike some of our conical hills in the rolling lands of the West, planted with shrubs and trees to the very top. Is there anything more bewitching than to look up, beneath the branches of trees, upon the ascent of a hill? The grass was like the pile of velvet, thick, even, deeply green, and with a crisp, succulent look, that made you feel that Nebuchadnezzar had not so bad a diet after all. The grounds were laid out with parterres of flowers, clumps of trees, gravelled walks artfully traced to produce the utmost illusion, vines, and upon every unsightly object, and along the stone fence, that glorious sheet of ivy that, everywhere in England, encases walls and towers in vegetable emerald. In these delicious coverts, birds hopped about in literary seclusion, or chatted with each other in musical notes, such as Jenny Lind might be supposed to sing to her sleeping cradle, or to a frolicking child. It is a very paradise of seclusion. Noise seemed like an antediluvian legend as I sat and dreamed in the slumberous stillness.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE UPPER GARDEN AT KENSINGTON

(From "The Spectator")

I THINK there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonnetteers in this art: contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greatest effect, they have made a very pleasant contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden,

who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

POPE'S GARDEN AT TWICKENHAM

(*From a Letter to Edward Blount, Esq.*)

LET the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple you look down thro' a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro' a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular

figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, shadow'd with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. . . .

You'll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.

OUR OWN GARDENS

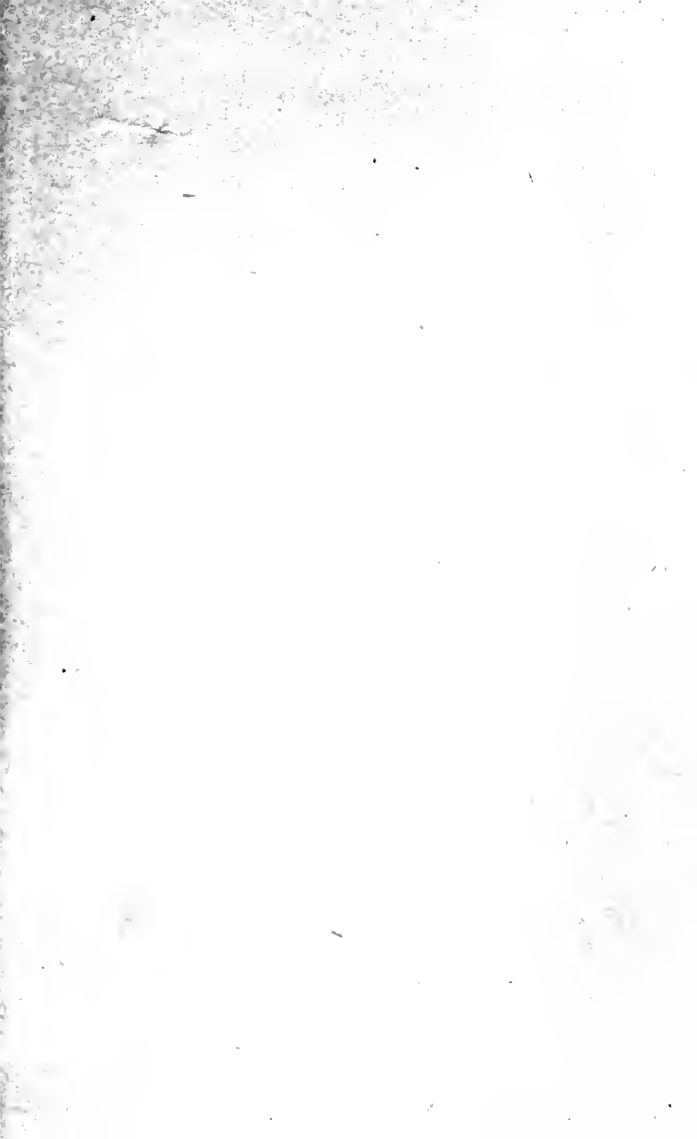
(*From "Othello"*)

Iago. 'Tis in ourselves, that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.







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